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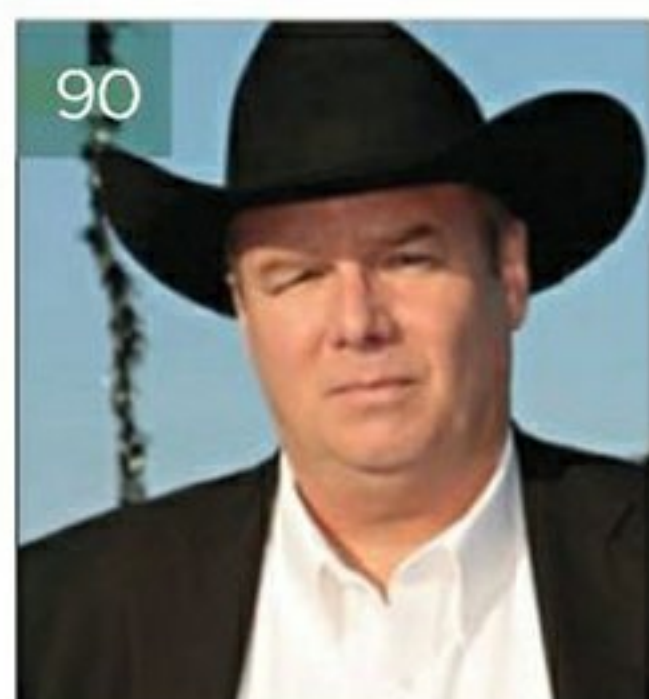
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Who Cares Who's on First?



let my hand drop to his crotch, just to check out what size bat he was carrying. Mason had a fairly large dick, and he wasn't even fully erect. I broke the kiss and quickly acted on my fantasies. His hair was already slightly mussed, so I carefully removed his glasses and tossed them on the carpet. Then I gripped his shirt in my hands and pulled, loving the sound of his buttons pinging across the room.

Mason was struggling out of his pants when I told him to follow me. The sounds of him kicking off his shoes and hopping from one foot to the other as he pulled off his pants as I ran toward the bedroom was enough to make me giggle hysterically. Mason chased after me, caught me, and tossed me down on the bed. He still had on his shirt and I still had on my panties, but he quickly yanked them off, spread my legs wide, and dove into me tongue-first.

As I tweaked and twisted my nipples and moaned with each amazing lash of his tongue on my clit, Mason worked his fingers in and out of my pussy until I shook with the force of my orgasm. Even afterward, as I came down from that incredible climax, Mason continued to lap gently at my pussy. I wanted to return the favor, but what he was doing felt so good that I didn't want him to stop, so I shimmed my way around till we were both on our sides and I had access to his gorgeous dick. He was nice and hard and wet at the tip. I eased him into my mouth and felt him groan against my cunt, the vibration almost as good as my vibe. I sucked and hummed around his cock, and used my other hand to play with his balls. Poor Mason tried to keep things going on his end, but I'm no slouch in the cock-sucking department, so he ended up on his back while I fingered his asshole and sucked him off.

Mason turned out to be a really good fuck, and I've discovered that I do enjoy watching baseball—as long as we get to celebrate our wins the same way.—E.J., New York

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I have always heard that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, but my culinary skills suck, so I had to think of some other way to get Mason into bed.

I met him on the train one morning on my way to work.

I have a habit of placing my purse on the seat next to me while I read trashy erotica on my Kindle, and when he politely asked if the seat was taken, I was immediately taken with him. He looked a little geeky and a bit reserved—yet there was something about him that made me want to muss up his carefully styled hair, fling his glasses across the room, pop the buttons off his shirt, and fuck him like there was no tomorrow.

I moved my bag and tried to strike up a conversation with him, but he seemed to prefer reading the sports section of his paper. Turned out he liked baseball. I hadn't watched a game in years, but if that's what it took to get his attention, then I'd learn everything I could about it—or at least enough to chat him up.

Fortunately, the playoffs were in progress, so I pumped every baseball fan I knew for info and insight. The next time I saw Mason, I moved my bag and invited him to sit next to me, and as soon as he opened his paper to

the sports section I asked him which team he favored to win and—what a coincidence—I was rooting for the same team. He pretty much took it from there. All I had to do was chime in now and then, and before the end of the commute, I'd invited him to watch Saturday night's game at my place, and he'd accepted.

On Saturday, I picked up some lasagna from a nearby restaurant and two bottles of wine for dinner. I had no intention of letting Mason leave without hitting a home run of my own.

Mason arrived and all went according to plan. I told him to make himself comfortable on the small love seat, while I heated up dinner and prepared a salad. We ate and drank during the game, and when our team won, I used the excitement of the moment to grab him and give him a celebratory kiss. At first, Mason looked a little surprised, but then he got with the program and kissed me back—a little clumsily at first, but that was okay because I'd

I still had on my panties, but he quickly yanked them off, spread my legs wide, and dove into me tongue-first.

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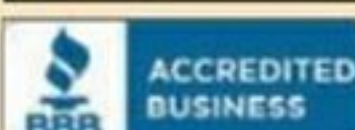
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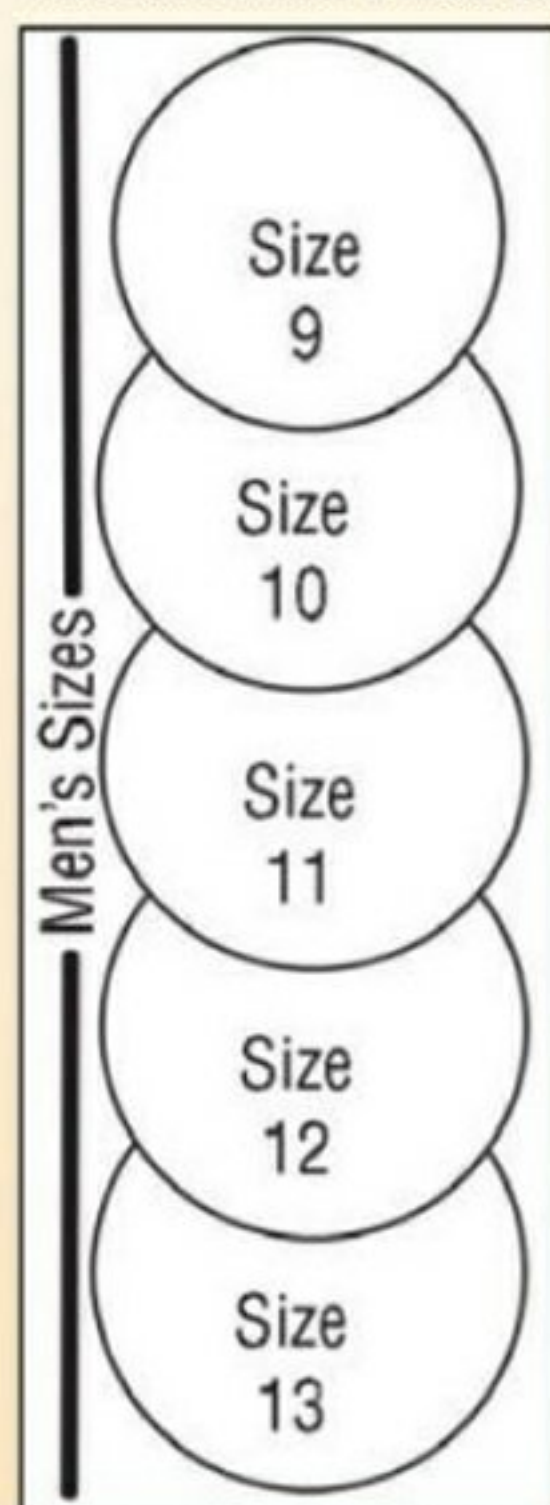
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Edward ushered me in ahead of him and turned on the light. It was a small studio apartment, immaculate, with very few personal objects. He took me to the sofa and then settled himself on the other end and looked at me.

"What?" I asked, smoothing my hair, wondering if I looked worse to him out of the dim light of the bar.

"I'm really into calling 900 numbers," he said. "I think I'm almost addicted to phone sex."

I was curious. "What's it like?" I asked. "I've never called one."

"I don't talk to the same girl, but I always get off, listening," he said.

I felt myself growing aroused, wetness dampening my panties. I thought for a moment, then said, "Do you have a second phone I could listen in on?" He handed me the phone, retrieved another from the floor, and punched in a number. I lifted my receiver, and when he nodded I pressed the TALK button on my handset.

The woman's voice was low and husky, exactly how I would talk if I were working a sex line. I knew her goal was to keep Edward on as long as possible, and she did a good job, starting slow, asking him his name, describing herself for him, then asking his fantasy.

"Two women," he said immediately.

"Oh," she purred. "Me and—do you have someone in mind?"

"I do," he said, and he moved closer to me on the sofa. He was gripping the phone with one hand, while he began stroking his fingers up and down my thighs with the other.

"What's her name?"

"Amanda."

"Pretty name. Is she a pretty girl?"

"Spectacular," he said, his mouth away from the phone, his lips against my ear as he spoke.

"What do you see us doing?" she asked.

"Why don't you tell me?" Edward suggested, now being more forward, cradling the phone against his shoulder and sliding both hands under my skirt. I trembled as his fingertips met my naked thighs, and swallowed hard as he dragged his thumb down the sopping-wet seam of my panties.

"I see us in a tub," she said, "a bubble bath. Do you like that?"

"Mmm-hmmm," Edward murmured, to keep her going.

"The three of us soaping each other all over," she said.

"I like that," Edward said, then looked at me and mouthed the words,



"Do you like it?" I nodded.

His fingers traveled up to the top of my panties, then he slid them down my thighs and off. The woman was still talking, but I could hardly concentrate on what she was saying. Edward knelt on the floor between my thighs and set the phone down while he moved forward to taste me. I spread my legs wide and tried to stifle the moans I so wanted to let loose.

She was still describing the scene for us: "Your girlfriend is sitting on the edge of the tub, Edward. Her pussy needs to be shaved. Do you want to shave it or should I?"

I tapped Edward's shoulder, wanting him to pick up the phone

and talk, but he shook his head, the movement spiraling me into bliss as his whiskers tickled my outer lips.

"You talk," he murmured.

"This is Amanda," I said. "Could you shave me? Edward's a bit busy..."

"Of course, darling. What color fur do you have down there?"

"Red," I said, sighing as Edward tugged gently on my curls.

"Pretty," she said. "I'm going to shave it all away—make you nice and clean for your man. I'm dying to taste you, but I want you bare before I give you my tongue. Would you like to be all nice and clean for me?"

I mumbled something, and she kept talking. Between Edward's magic tongue in my pussy and the sexy, hypnotic voice on the phone, I felt transported. As I neared orgasm, I shoved the phone toward Edward.

"Rita?" he said. "It's been a pleasure. We'll call you again, soon."

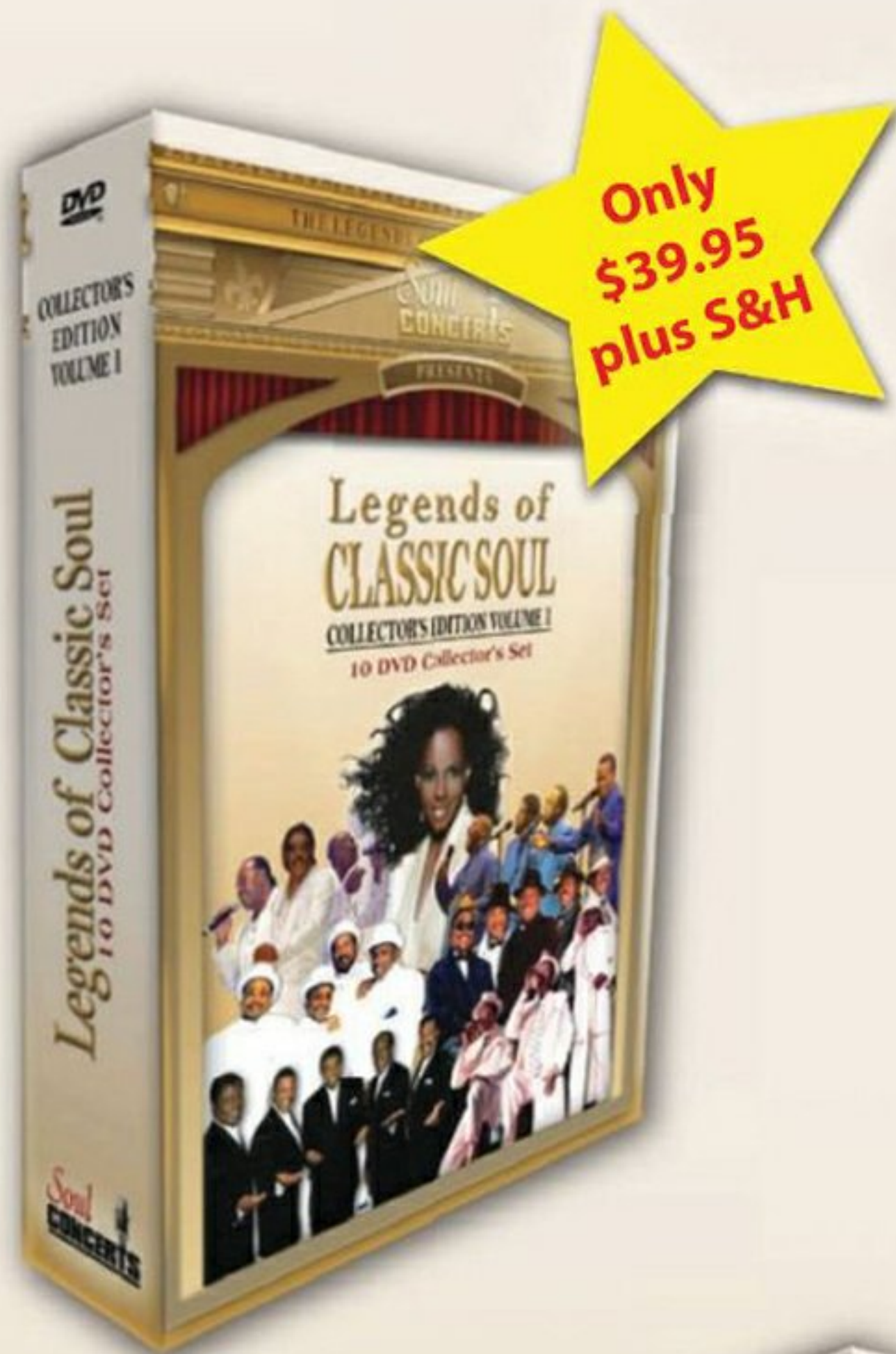
And as he hung up, I said, "Next time you'll listen while I work on you." Edward just smiled, letting me know that would be just fine.—A.E., via email

More letters on page 122

"I'm going to shave it all away—make you nice and clean for your man. I'm dying to taste you, but I want you bare before I give you my tongue."

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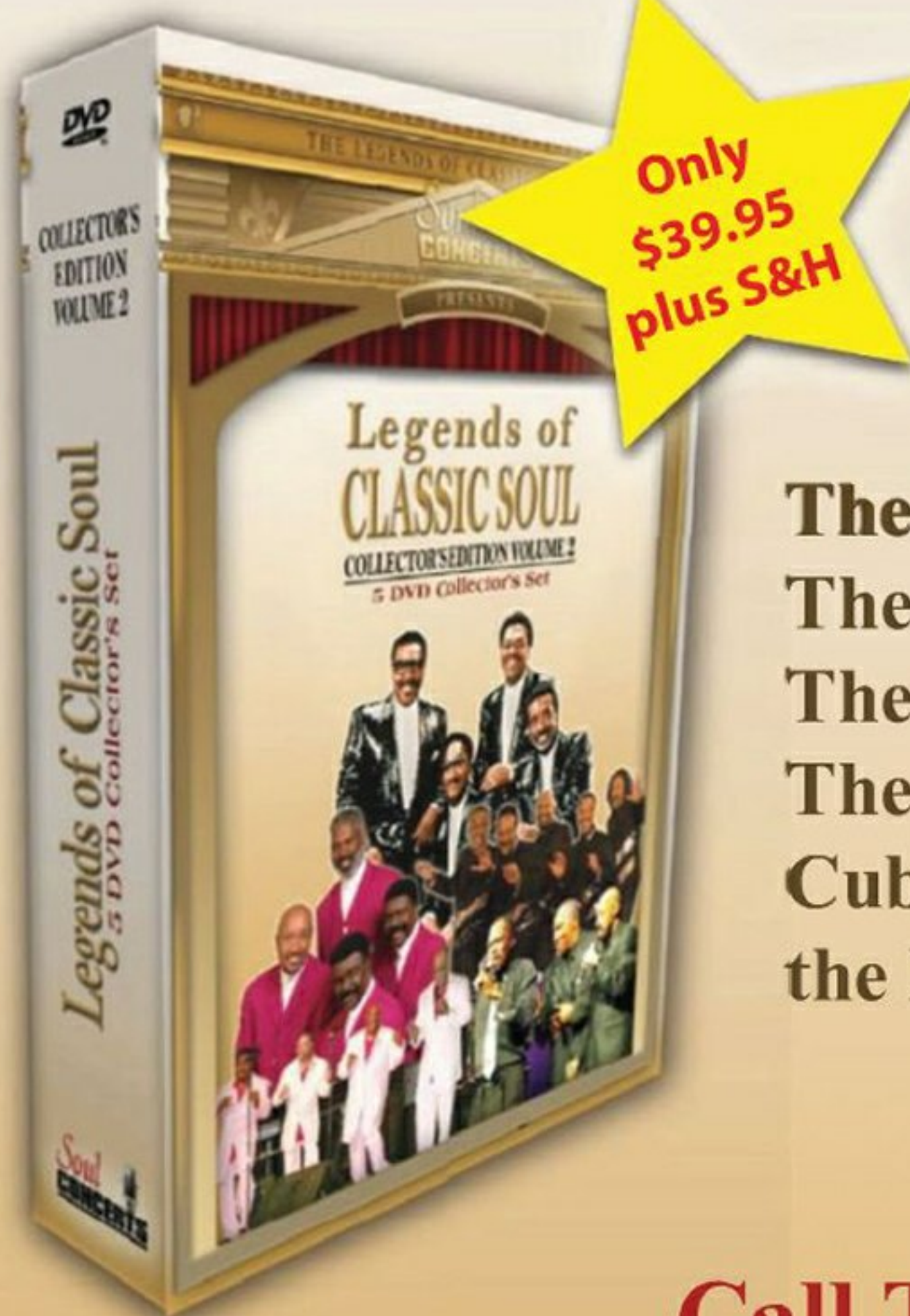
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Associate Publisher	RICH MCENTEE
Interactive Designer	GABRIEL DIAZ
Advertising Inquiries	ADSALES@FFN.COM

ENTERTAINMENT/LICENSING/INTERNATIONAL EDITIONS

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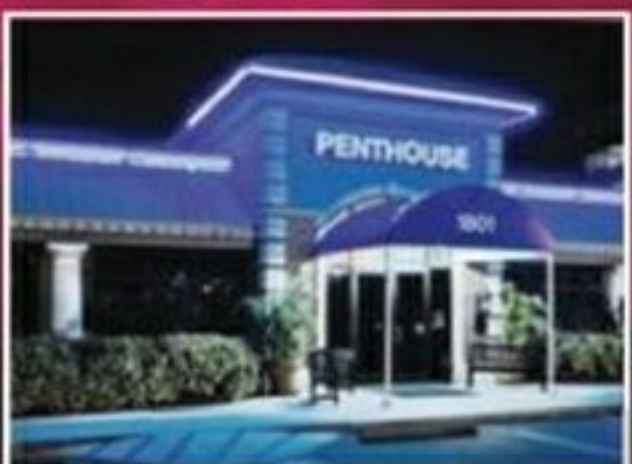
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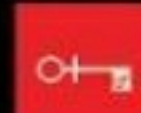
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SLAPSTICK HEROES

The Farrelly brothers' long-awaited *Three Stooges* movie is here, with Will Sasso, Chris Diamantopoulos, and Sean Hayes as Curly, Moe, and Larry, respectively, bringing double eye pokes, triple face slaps, and quadruple lobster pinches to the multiplex this season.



ILLUSTRATION BY REVEL-INK



April Fools

Coming to a theater near you, the Farrelly brothers' take on slapstick legends the Three Stooges.



The Three Stooges

Sean Hayes, Chris Diamantopoulos, Will Sasso

As card-carrying members of the Stooges faithful, we have zero problems with a Hollywood movie based on the old shorts—this one's finally out of development hell, and it's a labor of love for directors the Farrelly brothers. Do we mourn the departure of formerly attached stars Benicio Del Toro, Sean Penn, and Jim Carrey? Not so much. The guys they ultimately cast to play the beloved trio are all dead ringers, especially Sasso's Curly, supplying the jiggle and the high-pitched "woop woop woop." They've mastered their impressions of the originals as well as the physical comedy: Wave upon wave of painful head-bonking, eye-gouging, and triple-face-slapping should ensue. In the downtime, there's the impossibly curvy Sofia Vergara to watch, as well as *Sports Illustrated* model Kate Upton, who dons some revolutionary swimwear in her role as Sister Bernice.



**Casa de Mi Padre****Will Ferrell, Gael García Bernal, Diego Luna**

So long as beloved shoutyman Will Ferrell is raging like a perturbed four-year-old, he can appear in anything—say, a Spanish-language *telenovela* Western—and we'd probably line up. Turns out that's exactly what he's done: His latest has him saddling up as the proud son of a financially troubled ranch owner in Mexico, where everyone, Ferrell included, speaks Spanish. The entire time. (There are English subtitles.) On the horizon are a violent drug lord and his minions, thirsting for territory. *Y Tu Mamá También*'s Bernal and Luna, who worked on the script, costar.

**The Hunger Games****Jennifer Lawrence, Josh Hutcherson, Liam Hemsworth**

Millions of young adults are swapping these books like cult candy—should you care? Even if you don't, you ought to keep an eye out for this first installment of the movie version, because the phenomenon is much more than another sappy *Twilight*. First, there's the heroine, Katniss (ignore the silly names), a fierce, arrow-shooting mountain girl who's played by *X-Men: First Class* hottie Lawrence. Then there's the fact that it all takes place in a nightmarish future where annoying teens kill one another off on reality TV. Doesn't that already sound like a world you'd like to live in?

**American Reunion****Eugene Levy, Jason Biggs, Alyson Hannigan**

It's almost a foregone conclusion that pastry will be defiled—and that Biggs will pretend he became a big movie star. But how can we not rally behind another sequel to the series that defined millennial debauchery? Elements we're looking forward to: Levy returning as Jim's dad, wandering into new regions of embarrassment; Stifler being Stifler; and, of course, Stifler's mom (Jennifer Coolidge). There also should be a fresh wave of sweet young things, including Katrina Bowden (*30 Rock*, *Sex Drive*), always a welcome presence in R-rated comedies. Of course the whole affair seems hopelessly tired—but there could be laughs in that, too.

**The Cabin in the Woods****Richard Jenkins, Bradley Whitford, Chris Hemsworth**

The setup sounds as generic as they come: Five horny young people make their way out to the proverbial title retreat for some fun, but there is an evil force out there in the boondocks, waiting to prey upon them. The producing presence of *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*'s witty Joss Whedon, however, guarantees there's a twist or two being protected, and the trailer reveals a *Matrix*-like atmosphere with a computer-driven control center that manipulates the campers' reality. We don't remember *that* from our last rustic vacation. **C+**

Scary Funny

Adam Green is living the fanboy dream. The director, along with his buddy and codirector Joe Lynch, cast his two favorite rock stars in his new horror-nerd sitcom.

By Christine Colby

Holliston—created by director Adam Green (*Hatchet 1* and *2*, *Frozen*) and starring Green and his friend and codirector

Joe Lynch (*Knights of Badassdom*, *Wrong Turn 2*)—premieres on April 3 on FEARnet and also stars “undying chaos-demon, Lord and Master of Earth, lead singer of GWAR” (according to his Twitter) Oderus Urungus and Twisted Sister frontman Dee Snider.

The show, which is sort of like *The Big Bang Theory* meets *Evil Dead 2*, hilariously follows Green and Lynch’s characters, also named Adam and Joe, just out of college and broke, as they attempt to become horror-movie directors while working at a Boston cable-access station hosting horror-movie marathons. Sometimes they have to choose between buying toilet paper or fake blood, and they “borrow” the station’s equipment at night to work on their own projects.

Snider plays their boss at the station, Lance Rockett, who is also a member of a small-time Van Halen tribute band, and who’s still convinced he’s going to “make it.” Urungus plays himself, only as Adam’s imaginary friend who lives in his closet and gives him regrettable advice.

Penthouse talked to both rockers about *Holliston*, stage costumes, and euphemisms for vagina.

How did you get involved with *Holliston*?

OU: They saw me hanging around a



Joe Lynch and Adam Green with Dee Snider on the set of *Holliston*

bus stop, slowed down, and trapped me! Nah, what happened actually was Adam is a huge GWAR fan. I met him years ago, and he told me about the idea. I hear stuff like that a lot, but it was different this time because of the work they’ve done already, you know? These guys have made some serious films and they’re for real. For the next few years, every time we played L.A., Adam would come out. Then I heard—boom—it’s on! There was a period of three years; it didn’t just come out of the blue.

DS: This story is long and glorious. Adam is a fanatical fan who hand-delivered a letter to me at a Widow-maker [Snider’s post-Twisted Sister band] show. I rarely write letters back, but it was so passionate that I wrote to him. He’d said he wanted to be a director, and I said good luck to you, and one day we’re going to be hanging out together at a big movie premiere. Through his career, every time he was falling down, he would stumble upon me, and I was like a heavy-metal Yoda.

He came to L.A. and was cheated and lied to, and he’d blown all his money. He was standing on Sunset Boulevard and looked up and saw “Appearing tonight: Dee Snider signing copies of *Strangeland*.” He got in line, and said, “Hey, man, remember I wrote you that letter?” which I didn’t, but I lied. He told me how he just got fucked, so I said, “Dude, fuck them, get back in there!” I gave him a pep talk and he went out the door all fired up.

Adam went back home and was working in Holliston for a cable station—the show *Holliston* is based on his actual life. He was borrowing equipment at night to shoot the trailer for *Coffee & Donuts*. He got caught and they were going to fire him. Then he went to see Poison, and who was there signing autographs, but Dee Snider! He gets in line and comes up and says, “Dee, I lost my job!” And I’m starting to recognize him, because I’ve seen him so many times, so I tell him, “Fuck that guy, who gives a shit,



Oderus Urungus

“The whole point of me being on the show is just for me to come out and shake my ass around. It’s hanging out pretty good, and I made sure I was constantly sticking it in the camera,” Oderus Urungus says.

working at a fucking cable station for the rest of your life? Borrow the equipment again, finish your fucking movie, and get the fuck out of there!”

Well, he reached out to me when *Hatchet* was accepted into the Tribeca Film Festival. I get an email [from a name] I don’t recognize that said “Hello again,” and I literally had my finger on the delete button, because I don’t read strange emails. But I was like, “again”? So I open it and read this letter about all the things I just told you and more, about me basically being there spiritually for him through it all, starting with that letter. It says, “I’ve been accepted to Tribeca, and

I’m not expecting anything of you, but there’s going to be a premiere of my movie and I’d love for you to be there, and thank you so much for the inspiration.” His phone number was there, so I pick up the phone and say, “Hey, it’s Dee!” He says, “What?!” I said, “Where’s the party?” He said, “What?!” I said, “This is the prophecy! Y’know, the letter I wrote to you when I said one day we’ll be hanging out at a big movie-premiere party? And now you’re at Tribeca in New York!” I said, “Let’s get dressed, I’m coming!” So, I went, we did the red carpet together, and when it was [Adam’s] turn to talk about the movie, he starts telling this

story about him and Dee Snider. And then he goes, “And Dee is here,” and I stand up and people are crying. I mean, the story is so moving! Since then we became friends, and my kids are friends with him, they’ve worked on his movies, and I presided over his wedding. And that’s how I got asked to be in *Holliston*.

What was it like on the set?

OU: The whole point of me being on the show is just for me to come out and shake my ass around. It’s hanging out pretty good, and I made sure I was constantly sticking it in the camera.

DS: Oderus’s costume smells like rotten peaches.

OU: The funniest part was just me and Dee being surrounded by, like, three production assistants, constantly primping me, and spraying me down. They had to paint on my stomach muscles. It’s pretty funny; it’s fooled girls for years! “You’re soooo ripped!” Oderus’s paint-on, five-minute abs.

Well, women have been using tricks like that forever. Makeup, and breast implants, and everything.

OU: Oderus wants fake boobs, too, he just doesn’t want them on his chest. He’s going to have them installed on his butt, because [it looks] like boobs anyway. Basically, what he’s going to do is have a nipple sewed to each butt cheek, and then he’s going to get a bra for his ass.

DS: The most bizarre thing for me was, when I agreed to do the part, I thought, *This is great, I get to make fun of all these wannabes that are out*



Green with his imaginary friend, Oderus Urungus

there, the can't-let-it-go guys. So, day one, I dress up in the most stereotypical eighties, low-rent, glam-rock, hair-metal clothing. All vinyl, cutoff jacket, striped spandex pants, cowboy boots—things I would never wear. I think I'm making such a statement about "them versus me." Between takes, I'm walking through the lot, and one of the crew guys from another set sees me and says, "Dee! Still rockin' the outfits!" and I was like, *What??? This isn't my outfit! I never wore this kind of shit!* I had the realization that, to the average person, the subtleties of what Dee Snider wore as opposed to Quiet Riot or whatever band was out there ... the subtleties are lost! It's all one big mash of spandex, vinyl, snakeskin, and hair. I was bummed, really bummed!

The show's press kit mentions 14 euphemisms for the vagina that are used in the show, including "ham wallet," "Lars Ulrich's knees," "chimp lips," and "the Predator's mouth."

DS: I've toured with Lars ... I could see the top of his head, as he's much shorter than I am. But his knees are

way out of my vision range. I don't remember his knees!

OU: The Predator's mouth is like Oderus's dream vagina! Oderus has a vagina; he's omnisexual. He has a vagina on his chin. If you look, you'll see this kind of rude, reddish smear. I call it the "clit chin." It looks sort of like the end of a pinkie is coming out of my chin with some hideous, squidlike folds of flesh around it.

What do you think about being in *Penthouse* magazine?

DS: As long as I'm clothed, I feel pretty good about it. *Penthouse* is really interesting.

What about your character Lance?

DS: The thing about Lance is that they're not sure about his sexuality. It's a running thing; they can't pin him down. Everyone he dates has an ambiguous name; he'll talk about shaving his chest for the ladies, and then he'll lean over and very sensually sniff Joe's neck or comment on the fit of Adam's pants, so they're really confused about his sexuality. Lance would love

the magazine, but comment on the men as well. He'd go, "Yeah! *Penthouse*! Wow, that guy's got tight abs." I don't think Lance even realizes that part of him is yearning to be free.

OU: What's taken you so long? I mean, I've got this big cock hanging out over here! How many models have you had who've had their penis surgically removed and had it grow back twice as big? Maybe Oderus can help with some breeding or something—we'll go to the syntho-womb underneath my fortress and do some biological experiments with the Pet of the Month. I can't wait to come home and have *Penthouse* in the mailbox and then have *me* in the *Penthouse* in the mailbox. Oh, my God! I'm going to have to masturbate on it, immediately.

Well, if you're ever going to masturbate to anything in the magazine, I think it's only appropriate to masturbate to your own picture in it.

OU: Do you think that's kind of weird?

Yeah! Isn't that the point?

OU: [Laughing] I can't wait!

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DVDs

BY KARA WAHLGREN

Old Favorites



Oscar season is behind us, so you can stop pretending to appreciate the Best Indie Foreign Animated Short Film nominees and go back to watching the movies you love. Timeless classics and can't-miss comedies are making their way to high-def this month.

The Three Stooges: The Ultimate Collection

Until now, *Stooges* fanatics have had to piece together the oeuvre a few years at a time, but the much-anticipated complete collection is finally hitting stores in March. The 20-disc collector's set is expected to feature all eight volumes of *The Three Stooges Collection* (that's 190 shorts), along with vintage cartoons and a couple of feature films. It's the definitive DVD set for anyone who can't miss a single second of Larry, Moe, and Curly (and sometimes Shemp).



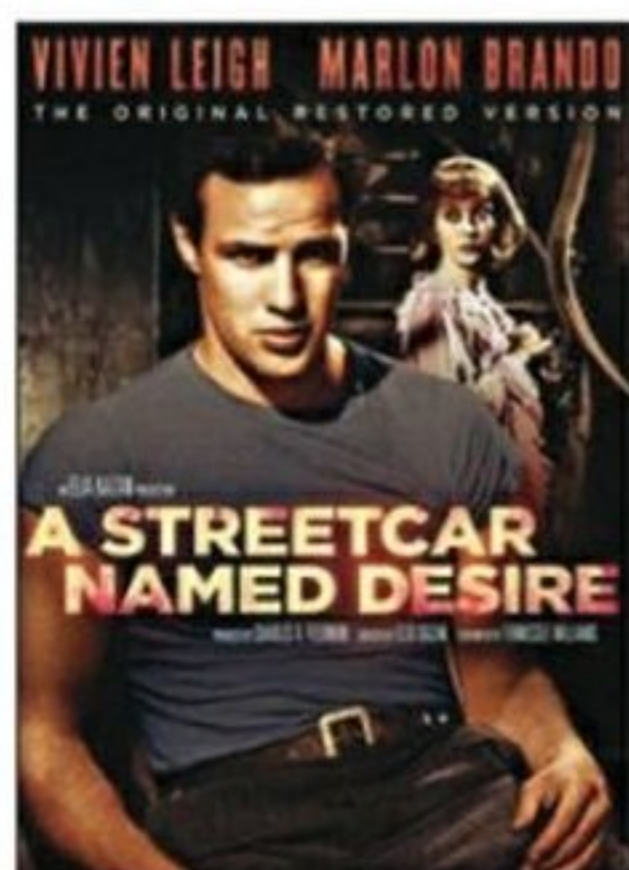
9 1/2 Weeks

There's a reason we love this erotic drama about the short-lived affair between a divorcée (Kim Basinger) and an emotionally detached Wall Street broker (Mickey Rourke). Actually, there are at least four reasons: the kitchen scene, the rain scene, the ice scene, and the striptease scene. It may not be the best movie ever made, but this homage to S&M (from before everyone was paying homage to S&M) has earned its place as a staple on countless "hottest sex scene" lists. Expect the usual commentary and making-of extras.



Chinatown

This classic crime drama, which was helmed by Roman Polanski before he fled to Europe, is part detective noir, part murder mystery, part political drama, and wholly awesome. Jack Nicholson stars as a private eye hired to track down a cheating hubby—a typical assignment until the "wife" turns out to be an impostor, the hubby turns up dead, and the detective gets caught up in a web of corruption. (Spoiler-y factoid: The screenplay originally had a happy ending, but Polanski argued for the tragic revision.) Extras include a collectible booklet, a retrospective, and a documentary on the California Water Wars that inspired the film.



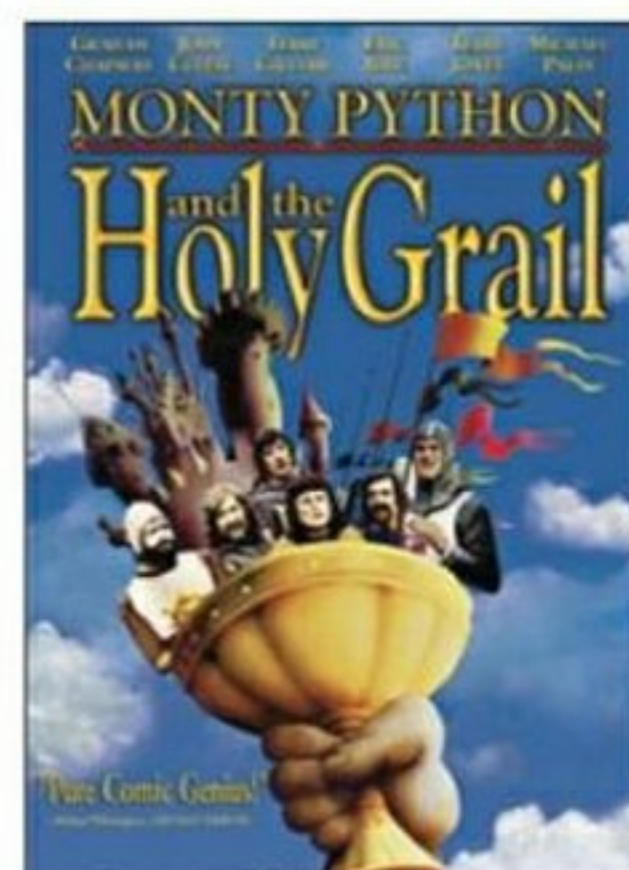
A Streetcar Named Desire: 60th Anniversary Edition

This drama about a deluded Southern belle who butts heads (okay, that's an understatement) with her abusive brother-in-law earned four Oscars and turned Broadway star Marlon Brando into a legit movie icon. The new Blu-ray anniversary edition features the original director's cut, which includes three minutes of restored footage that had been censored by the Legion of Decency back in 1951. Extras include behind-the-scenes featurettes, outtakes, a documentary on controversial director Elia Kazan, and Brando's screen test.



Casablanca: 70th Anniversary Edition

Fun fact: The love story of Rick (Humphrey Bogart) and Ilsa (Ingrid Bergman) was doomed from the start, because when it was made in 1942, the Motion Picture Production Code banned depictions of a woman leaving her husband for another man. Nonetheless, this is considered one of the greatest love stories—one of the best movies, period—of all time. The three-disc set includes a reproduction of the original 1942 movie poster, a 62-page art book, a set of coasters, audio commentaries (including one by critic Roger Ebert), the Looney Tunes cartoon "Carrotblanca," vintage radio broadcasts, and more.



Monty Python and the Holy Grail

We won't bother recapping the plot—we'll just assume that you've been hearing jokes about elderberries, flesh wounds, killer rabbits, and African swallows for the past 38 years, and skip to the bonus features. Because there are a lot of bonus features on the Blu-ray. Along with the typical extended scenes and cast commentary, you'll find sing-along songs, an educational film about coconuts, a Lego Knights version of the story, and a companion app for the iPad with behind-the-scenes footage from every day of filming. If you're a Python devotee, this is a must-have.

PHOTOGRAPH BY (THE THREE STOOGES) EVERETT COLLECTION



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Diablo III



BLIZZARD ENTERTAINMENT
(PC)

Ten years may have whizzed by since the release of *Diablo II*'s last expansion, but hard-core fans are still roaming the game's randomly generated landscapes, on the hunt for legendary loot. The series' simple hack-and-slash formula—inspired by the *Gauntlet* arcade machine that ate all your quarters in the eighties—just keeps on giving, spawning imitators that have amassed their own cult followings. It's no surprise, then, that the launch of the third title is a bona fide gaming event. More than a decade in development, tweaked and re-tweaked by the genre maestros at Blizzard, *Diablo III* is the perfect sequel, familiar in all the right areas yet deep and different in others.

Tasks that were troublesome in the first two games, such as warping to town and recovering your corpse after misadventures, are streamlined here. The character-building system has been overhauled, with more opportunities for experimentation and the refreshing option to revamp martial skills on the fly. Each of the five character classes—wizard, witch doctor, demon hunter, barbarian, and monk—comes with so many customization options that you can replay the entire adventure with the same archetype and still have a completely new experience. Add in fully customizable sidekick characters, a much deeper item-crafting system, and an endless supply of randomly generated loot, and *Diablo III* becomes a game with no expiration date.

Realizing this unlimited replay value, Blizzard has created a bonus for entrepreneurial fans. Integrated auction houses let players sell their hard-won goods for in-game gold, or even real-world *dinero*. Such cottage industry turns this into both a job and an adventure—one that will last for years.



**MLB 12: THE SHOW**

SONY (PS3, PS VITA)

Mold your own slugger from the minors to the World Series in this latest installment of the juggernaut baseball franchise. *MLB 12* improves the Road to the Show career mode with new spring-training minigames that really do ramp up your skills, if you put in the time. Meanwhile, the entire on-field experience features more realistic physics, truer-to-broadcast presentation, better integration with online play, and enhanced control options (including swing support for the Move gadget). The PS Vita version is compatible with saves from the PS3 game. If you own both versions, you can start a game in your living room and then take *The Show* on the road.

**TWISTED METAL**

SONY (PS3)

You'd expect monster vehicles, inventive weapons, 16-player online matches, and sprawling battlegrounds in a reboot of the road-rage-fueled franchise that perfected offensive driving on the consoles, but *Twisted Metal* offers at least one surprise: cooperative gameplay, where teammates can combine their cars' potential for vehicular manslaughter. Pull your hot rod into the trailer of your buddy's 18-wheeler, for instance, and you can man its turret for extra drive-by destruction. A new helicopter gunship—the first airborne vehicle in the series—is equipped with a magnet that can pluck teammates to safety. Plus, new destructible environments make for satisfying collateral damage, especially during road trips through the malls.

**SSX**

EA SPORTS (XBOX 360, PS3)

This is a hard-charging snowboarding simulator for people who think ESPN's X Games are for sissies. *SSX* plunges players down real-world mountain ranges re-formed with reality-defying tricks in mind. A new physics engine and a lack of boundaries let you grind any line and soar from any precipice in the Himalayas or the mountains of Africa, Alaska, and Antarctica (all rendered from NASA satellite data). And the developers have added a new goal to the Racing and Trick modes of previous *SSX* titles: survival. Players compete to see how far they can fly downhill before succumbing to avalanches, whiteouts, or exposure. New networking features even let you "like" your favorite drops and seek out global competitions.

MASS EFFECT 3

ELECTRONIC ARTS (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

Known for its titillating girl-on-alien-girl sex and intergalactic blasting, the *Mass Effect* series is more accessible for the average dude than your typical fantasy-flavored roleplaying game. This final installment is the most action-crammed yet, a grand space opera with *Gears of War*-style combat. (It even offers cooperative online missions.) Newbies can dive right into the game's galaxy-spanning war to save Earth without feeling too lost, although series vets will enjoy seeing the consequences of moral choices made in previous installments. Xbox 360 gamers with a Kinect peripheral can issue voice commands during combat and dialogue scenes. Gimmicky? Sure. But it does free up the hands during those sex scenes. **O+**

FINDING THEIR LEVEL

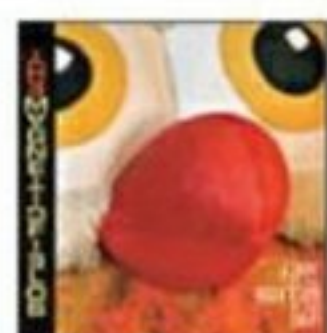
Once-hyped indie rockers the Shins return after a five-year hiatus with *Port of Morrow*, a collection of modestly bright pop hooks.



THE SHINS
Port of Morrow
Aural Apothecary/Columbia
★★★



Despite Natalie Portman's Discman epiphanies in *Garden State*, the Shins were never going to change anyone's life. Sure, the movie lifted the band's sales (and some hipster eyebrows), but James Mercer's outfit has never been terribly ambitious. Instead, during the course of three warmly received albums of springy indie rock, the Shins represented an unthreatening vision of the underground—a pleasant place where movie stars and McDonald's ad execs alike could feel cool while soaking in some sneaky-great choruses. Now, after a five-year hiatus (and having sacked his backing band), Mercer returns on a major label. The resulting bigger budget is an odd fit for his folksy jangle—the too-shiny "It's Only Life" grates like CGI in a Sundance flick. But "Simple Song" demonstrates he hasn't lost his knack for unshakable pop hooks. Mercer won't transform your life, but he could certainly brighten it.



Unlike his rockist nineties peers, Stephin Merritt aims for Broadway, not Budokan. As the Magnetic Fields,

Merritt has trafficked in electropop, rhinestone-cowboy crooning, and show-stopping balladeering. After a run of thematic exercises, Merritt now returns to the tinny Tin Pan Alley style of his earliest work. *Love* indulges his best and worst tendencies, featuring entire tunes in the service of bad puns ("I'd Go Anywhere With Hugh") and weary wordplay. But "Quick!" and "Andrew in Drag" explode with synthy, sinful delights. The former celebrates "the mating calls of sarcastic sharks," a decent description for the mannered pleasures on offer here.



THE MAGNETIC FIELDS
Love at the Bottom of the Sea Merge
★★★



The trio Miike Snow makes a strong case for the glories of internationalism. Two thirds of the group are Swedes: Christian

Karlsson and Pontus Winnberg, who for a time went by the professional nom-de-Pro-Tools Bloodshy & Avant, and produced immaculately shiny disco baubles like Britney Spears's "Toxic." Scuffing up Karlsson and Winnberg's stainless-steel sonics is New Yorker Andrew Wyatt, a charismatic, bearded weirdo with a high, hushed tenor. Jammed up in a Stockholm studio, the three make hypnotically dance-y dirges too weird to be pop and too pop to ignore. *Happy* ups the ante of the group's 2009 eponymous debut.



MIIKE SNOW
Happy to You Columbia
★★★★

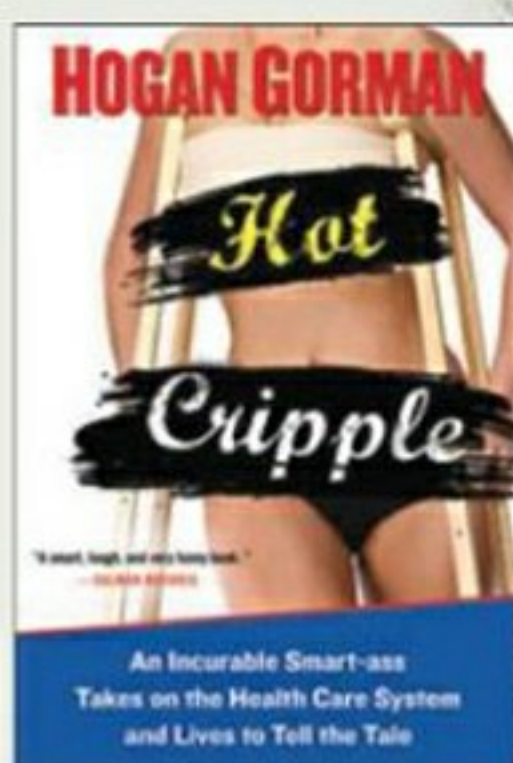


"I want to be dead with my friends!" Keith Buckley screams on Every Time I Die's sixth album, and it's a pretty fair

assessment of the Buffalo band's doomy bipolarity. Ever since the late nineties, ETID has sought a balance between ferocious metalcore and Southern-fried blues rock. *Ex Lives*—which, thanks to Buckley's never-ending assault on his own vocal cords, doubles as guerrilla marketing for the lozenge industry—nearly pulls it off. On "Typical Miracle," Buckley rages about "the devil's blood," while "I Suck (Blood)" detours onto a Dixie highway before being swallowed again by Buckley's bottomless throat. More choogle, less death-growl, please.



EVERY TIME I DIE
Ex Lives Epitaph
★★★



Double Bind

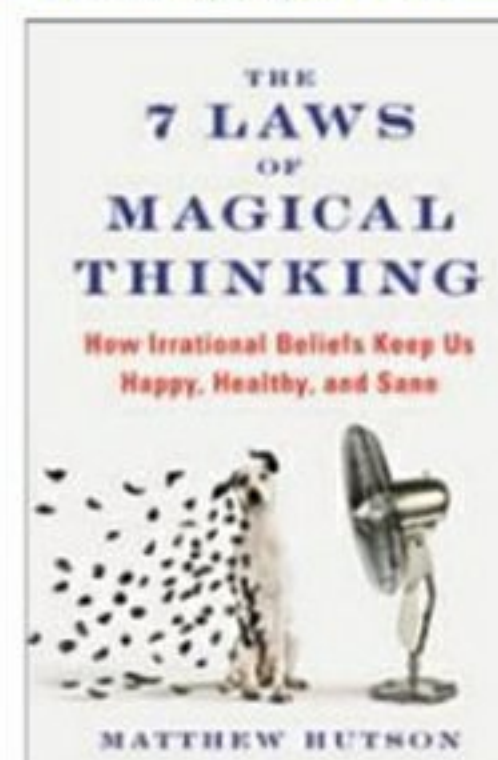
First, hottie Hogan Gorman was hit by a car. Then she got run over by the health-care system. She lives to tell the tale in her new book.

Hot Cripple
By Hogan Gorman
Perigee Trade

You can probably assume that the author of a book called *Hot Cripple* doesn't take herself, disability, or the world too seriously. But that doesn't mean Gorman, who first launched this project as a one-woman show, doesn't have a serious point at the heart of her book. In the instant after she was struck by a car, she went from sexy New York waitress/model on the rise to having to relearn basic tasks, like how to walk—all while living on disability and without health insurance. She stubbornly accepts

help, in the form of medical marijuana (from her best friend) and her mom, but has to duke it out with evil doctors, lawyers, and bureaucrats. This isn't an easy read, but it's an important one, since any of the millions of uninsured among us could easily wind up in Gorman's shoes. She's a sexy smart-ass who thankfully doesn't let red tape—or anything else—get in her way. There's nothing sappy about this book, and Gorman's don't-mess-with-me attitude will surely fire up even the most broken-down spirit, injured or not.

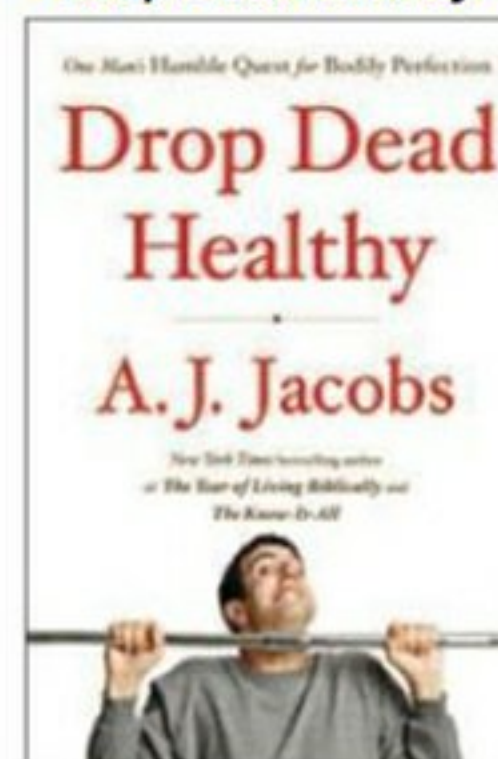
The 7 Laws of Magical Thinking:
How Irrational Beliefs Keep Us Happy, Healthy, and Sane



Think you're free from superstition, whimsical beliefs, and faith-based decision-making? Think again, says psychology writer Hutson in this well-researched, irreverent volume from Hudson Street Press. Weaving his way through death,

religion, and the law, and using memorable examples to support his points, Hutson argues that even the most rational among us engages in magical thinking. He ultimately decides that our big and small ways of tricking ourselves help us cope with aspects of life that seem overwhelming. Whether you buy his argument or not, you'll catch yourself pondering his stance the next time you hear someone say, "Everything happens for a reason."

Drop Dead Healthy



Jacobs made a name for himself with such "immersion journalism" book projects as reading the entire *Encyclopedia Britannica* (all 33,000 pages of it) and living according to biblical laws for a

year. Frankly, we expected his shtick to be old by now, but *Drop Dead Healthy*, from Simon & Schuster, is hilarious and will either make you scurry to follow in Jacobs's footsteps and do all you can to become as healthy as possible, or make you give up because there are way too many confusing rules to follow. Sometimes the smallest gems, like the fact that drinking ice-cold water burns calories, are the most useful. Jacobs tackles every body part, from brain to balls and beyond, in his quest for optimal health. If nothing else, you'll burn calories laughing at the extreme measures advocated in the name of health.

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The Formula for Speed

Racing royalty creates a new supercar benchmark.

By Bill Heald

It's hard to believe, but automotive technology has been changing so rapidly that, these days, even the cheapest econoboxes have more sophisticated electronics (traction control, engine management, etc.) than the exotic cars from just a couple of decades ago. One thing hasn't changed, though: Formula 1 racing is still where the latest engineering breakthroughs are created and proven, and these





costly, cutting-edge, rolling research rockets are where high-performance is expressed in its most advanced form. In this environment, engineering rules the day, and victory in this class owes as much to the power of the technology as it does to the phenomenal skills of the drivers.

If only you could buy a Formula 1 car for the road, right? How cool would it be to translate all that futuristic engineering to your own personal ride, wrapped in a wicked-hot body that looks like it's blasting through a chicane in Monaco, even when parked?

Naturally, we wouldn't tempt you with all this if that vision had not come to pass. McLaren, one of the most prestigious names in motor sports, is not only launching a new supercar, but a whole new retail auto company as well. McLaren was started by New Zealander Bruce McLaren in 1966, and the British racing company has become one of the most successful legacies in Formula 1



racing, as well as a name synonymous with high-performance.

The flagship of this new global car company is the street-legal MP4-12C (with a GT3 racing version also available for track-only competition). The 12C is a revelation in that McLaren can literally build the car the way it wants without being limited by what may be available from outside suppliers. This is a group that invents as it goes with its own proprietary engineering, and in the case of the 12C, this starts with the McLaren-designed 3.8-liter Twin Turbo V-8.



"We wanted low weight, low rev-range tractability, potent mid-range performance, and extensive high-rev reach," explains Powertrain Function Group manager Richard Farquhar. "All that, and a level of refinement and efficiency from a V-8 that perhaps you might not expect."

The engine uses a dry-sump lubrication system, along with the latest anti-friction advancements, to achieve 592 horsepower. The mid-engine placement is low in the chassis to help optimize handling, and response is tuned to deliver smooth, accessible power throughout the rev range to give the driver supreme control. The transmission is likewise carefully optimized through McLaren's years of experience in getting thrust to the road as efficiently as possible, and uses a dual-clutch design called a Seamless Shift Gearbox. Normal, Sport, and Track settings (along with Winter, Launch Control, and Automatic modes) help the driver use the fingertip-rocker

controls behind the steering wheel to imitate the immediacy of full-on Formula 1 shifting.

Obviously, the drivetrain is spectacular, but the true genius of McLaren's engineering is in the company's carbon MonoCell chassis—as unique to a production car as it is

strong and light. It can handle all that power and keep you in control, even on the most challenging roads. The primary, one-piece molded-carbon-fiber chassis element weighs a mere 165 pounds, and serves as the anchoring point for McLaren's Proactive Chassis Control with adaptive damping. The double-wishbone suspension aims to deliver not just razor-sharp handling but a luxury-car-style ride. These things have typically been mutually exclusive when it came to true, track-ready supercars, but McLaren has strived to raise the bar in every aspect of this masterpiece. Vehicle Dynamic manager Paul Burnam puts it best: "It is not enough just to be fast. The 12C has to innovate in every area." Given the peerless design and engineering talent the folks at McLaren have thrown into this project, they not only are rewriting the book on how exotic hardware performs, they may well have put a new kind of world champion in their stable. 

SPECIFICATIONS

Body style	Mid-engine, two-door coupe
Engine	3.8-liter Twin Turbo V-8
Power	592 horsepower
Torque	443 foot-pounds
Transmission	Seven-speed Seamless Shift Gearbox
Front tires	235/35 R-19 Pirelli P Zero
Rear tires	305/30 R-20 Pirelli P Zero
Dry weight	2,945 pounds

PERFORMANCE

0-62	3.3 seconds
Top speed	205 mph
Fuel capacity	19 gallons
EPA mpg	15 city/22 highway
Base price	\$231,400



The BLACK Whole

With a name like Victory, why not play hardball? • By Bill Heald





Some fear the darkness, while others consider it the perfect backdrop for all kinds of satisfying activities. Heavyweight cruiser motorcycles have a certain hard-ass persona regardless of the hue of the paintwork, especially ones with huge V-twin engines like Victory's 106-cubic-inch Freedom V-twin, with its beautiful detail work and classic cooling-fin architecture. When you take a chassis with such a mill at its heart, embrace the darkness with a menacing matte-black paint scheme, then add features that make the big bike not only visually striking but versatile to boot, you're making an in-your-face statement to the world that you mean business. Such attitude is the hallmark of the big-cruiser class, and the lifeblood of Victory's new Hard-Ball.




Starting with a long, 65.7-inch wheelbase and a low 26.25-inch seat height, the all-black Hard-Ball (with red pinstripe accents that Victory says are there so you can find the bike in the dark) is a menacing presence, but in a good way. If Darth Vader had an ebony locomotive and said "Screw it—I want a bike," that's pretty much the vibe.

The Hard-Ball arms itself with the aforementioned Freedom V-twin, which offers four-valve heads, electronic fuel injection with 45-mm throttle bodies, and copious amounts of pavement-pounding torque. This is important because the bike is designed to effortlessly do your bidding, whether you're roaring down the street to announce your arrival or tossing your partner on the roomy rear seat, loading up the huge standard hard saddlebags, and heading to the hills for an impromptu weekend

tour. The rear shock is air-adjustable, so you can tailor its response to whether your cross-country adventure requires you to travel heavy or light. While you're on the open road, a six-speed transmission makes for smooth, effortless highway cruising, and a 5.8-gallon tank keeps you rolling by the pumps so you stop when you want to, instead of being bossed around by puny fuel capacity.

One of the most striking aspects of Victory's new dark knight is immediately evident, for the handlebars soar high above the bike in true ape-hanger fashion. Victory realizes both apes and men have arms of different lengths (and you may not want to hang your ape-self too high), so the black anodized bars are height-adjustable. Another excellent standard feature is the ABS braking system, with big, dual 300-mm discs up front and a single unit in back. The antilock technology helps maximize the stopping grip of the big Dunlop tires, and is always a welcome safety feature.

Bold, powerful, and, above all stylish, Victory's new Hard-Ball makes the Dark Side more alluring than ever. Odds are, you already own the leather jacket that goes with it, too. 

SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Air/oil-cooled 50-degree V-twin
Bore x stroke	101 mm x 108 mm
Displacement	1,731 cc
Fuel system	Electronic fuel injection
Ignition	Electronic
Transmission	Six speed
Front suspension	Inverted cartridge forks
Rear suspension	Single shock, air-adjustable
Front brakes	Dual 300-mm four-piston discs, floating rotor
Rear brake	Single 300-mm two-piston disc, floating rotor
Front tire	130/70 B18 Dunlop 491 Elite II
Rear tire	180/60 R16 Dunlop Elite 3
Fuel tank	5.8-gallon capacity
Wheelbase	65.7 inches
Seat height	26.25 inches
Curb weight	751 pounds
Base price	\$18,999

Spring Loaded

April brings a shower of essential gadgets.

By Crispin Boyer



■ Mushroom GreenZero charger Bracketron • \$28 to \$35

It might not be the sexiest gadget you buy this spring, but Bracketron's mushroom-shaped charging station is certainly the most sensible. Available in three versions depending on your device's power port (USB, micro-USB, or Apple 30-pin connector), this eco-friendly iDevice juicer eliminates so-called "vampire power," the tendency of normal chargers to suck electricity even when their devices are fully charged. Just jab the GreenZero's mushroom-shaped button to start charging up your phone or tablet, and rest assured it will enter zero-energy standby mode once the batteries are topped off. The button also serves as a cable reel for portability.



■ Lumia 900 Nokia • \$199 (estimated) with AT&T contract

Nokia's triumphant return to the American smartphone market isn't the biggest Windows Phone, but it is the most beautiful. Featuring an ultrasharp 4.3-inch touch screen and a sleek plastic form factor (available in blue or black), the Lumia is more pocket-friendly than its nearest competitor, the HTC Titan 2. Its processor is nearly as zippy—the latest version of the Windows Phone operating system runs without a hitch—and the high-end optics of the eight-megapixel rear-facing camera are among the best available in any smartphone. The Lumia runs on AT&T's new LTE network, which is good for data speeds but might be bad for battery life.

■ Lytro camera Lytro • \$399/\$499

Built like a Cubist's kaleidoscope, this "light field" camera combines a powerful image processor with a revolutionary array of micro lenses to capture complete scenes rather than static images. In other words, the Lytro lets you shoot first and futz with focusing later. Double-clicking anywhere on downloaded photos brings foreground or background objects into sharp focus (play with sample snaps at Lytro.com). An update for the camera's Stanford-developed algorithms will add 3-D capabilities, although at present the software is only compatible with Mac OS X 10.6 or higher. The \$499 Lytro holds 750 photos—more than twice as many as the \$399 version—and both models share the same two-button simplicity.





■ Walkman Z1000

Sony • \$250 to \$330

The Walkman name, once synonymous with personal tunes, means as much to today's iPod-toting twenty-somethings as Members Only jackets and parachute pants. Sony is trying to reclaim some clout in the portable-media-playing market. This Android-powered device, which is similar to the iPod Touch, plays games and movies on its responsive 4.3-inch multi-touch LCD, but the Walkman Z was really designed with music lovers in mind. An integrated digital amplifier and noise-reduction processor deliver enriched sound from your library, which you can sync with Sony's own music service via Wi-Fi. It can also function as a media streamer, sharing content with DLNA-enabled TVs, PCs, and speakers.



■ G-Shock GA110GB

Casio • \$179

G-Shock watches are known for their durability rather than their bling factor, but Casio's Black & Gold series adds style to unstoppable substance. The high-gloss finish and gold dials of the GA110GB model will grab second looks from passersby who ask for the time, while the heavy-duty chassis can withstand any misadventure. It's waterproof to around 650 feet, has support for 29 time zones, offers a stopwatch/countdown timer, and is resistant to wrist-rattling shocks and even the time-warping powers of magnetism. No matter how rough your night, at least your timepiece will survive until morning.

■ Envy 14 Spectre

HP • \$1,400

One of a new breed of "ultrabooks"—laptops light in weight but heavy on performance—the Envy 14 Spectre is HP's dreamiest dream machine. Its lid, 14-inch display, and palm rest are made of sleek, scratch-resistant glass. Despite being a bit bulkier than competing ultrabooks at just under four pounds, the svelte Spectre is still perfectly portable. Even with its backlit keyboard, the machine lasts nine hours on a single charge. A special chip on the palm rest integrates data from your smartphone browser, letting you easily share URLs between the devices. As with all Envy machines, the Spectre incorporates the high-performance Beats Audio system codeveloped with Dr. Dre. It even has an old-fashioned volume dial for more satisfying tune-cranking.



■ Nest learning thermostat

Nest Labs • \$249

The Nest temperature-control system combines the sci-fi design of a smartphone with the energy-saving functionality of a programmable thermostat. Unlike most digital thermostats, however, Nest is a breeze to use. Twisting it left or right sets the temperature, while the Nest's Wi-Fi compatibility lets you tweak settings remotely online. Better still, the system learns your preferences and eventually makes the most energy-efficient heating and cooling decisions for you. A built-in proximity sensor even detects when you're not home and adjusts the temperature accordingly. The gizmo's HAL 9000 habit of butting into your business might seem a little Big Brother-ish, but that's a small price to pay for the bundle you'll save on electric and gas bills.





Stalking Bison & Shaking Rump

Hunting for the origins of a traditional Polish vodka.

By Camper English

The Russians and Poles argue endlessly about who invented vodka, and it's probably best not to get between them when they're debating the issue. Wherever it originated, early vodka would not have resembled what we drink today—a clean, nearly neutral spirit. That distillation technology didn't exist until the 1800s, so until then, the Russians and Poles flavored their vodka with berries and herbs and other ingredients

that masked the poor-quality and sometimes poisonous spirit.

One traditional vodka flavoring dating back more than 500 years is "bison grass," a type of grass found in the forests of Poland. Today, there is still a bison-grass vodka on the market, called ZU in the United States and Canada and Zubrowka in the rest of the world. Urban legend has it that this vodka is made from the grass on which bison pee.

You can see why people might make the urinary assumption—the liquid has a yellowish tint to it, and there is a blade of grass inside each bottle. But ZU tastes of caramel and violet and hay, so if the rumors are true, then bison pee is delicious.

■ WILDING IN WARSAW

I was invited to see how ZU is made; for the sake of journalism and free vodka I agreed. I flew into Warsaw with plans of taking the train to the forest, but first I decided to see how people drink in the big city.

Warsaw was bombed to smithereens during World War II, with 80 percent of its buildings destroyed, so almost everything in it is relatively new, compared with other European cities. That said, in the Old Town of Warsaw there are dramatic, brightly colored, late-Renaissance-style buildings, cobblestone streets, and

grand plazas with open-air concerts. If they didn't tell you they rebuilt most of it after 1945, you might not guess. Though it's surprisingly beautiful for an Iron Curtain country, I was more interested in seeing what the city looked like after the sun goes down. (Short answer: a hell of a lot of fun.)

People in Warsaw like to drink, and they love to dance. The city is stacked with nightclubs. You know the deal: central dance floor, rotating color-changing high-tech lighting, and booths lining the perimeter of the club that are reserved for bottle-service customers.

I popped into Capital Club, where the deep-house deejay was good but the crowd was small at that hour of the night. Then I hightailed it to Eve Music Club, where the tunes were retro and the space was so full of bottle-service booths that there was barely any dance floor.

The party really started when I stumbled onto Mazowiecka Street. In a one-block stretch, there are more than a dozen nightclubs. People lined up outside to get into their club of choice, or stumbled across the street to their next destination. Since I was clueless as to which clubs were good, I hopped among them.

I hit the smoky, crowded Enklawa, where the crowd skewed toward rowdy twentysomethings and there was barely room to dance. I went into Mono Bar, where guys in baseball hats and Day-Glo sneakers were jumping to hip-hop. I poked my head into Rich & Pretty Club, where the deejay was spinning the Black Eyed Peas. And I spent time on the dance floor at the Bank Club, a high-gloss, classy joint where a live saxophonist accompanied the deejay, the crowd was the best-dressed I'd seen in Warsaw, and the people were having the time of their lives.



Between clubs, I hit Paparazzi, a high-energy cocktail bar serving innovative drinks along with classic cocktails. Here and everywhere, when I asked for a drink with Zubrowka, I was served something that contained apple juice, often with other ingredients. As it turns out, the most common way to drink ZU is simply mixed with apple juice in a drink called the Szarlotka, meaning “apple pie”—which is exactly how it tastes. It goes down easy.

Late night, I went for a snack at Przekaski Zakaski, a tiny corner bar that serves traditional Polish snacks. It turns out that that’s where everybody goes for late-night eats and additional shots of vodka. The place was jammed with boozed-up, post-night-club patrons swaying and hanging on to the bar with one hand. They weren’t just twentysomethings either. There were plenty of middle-aged patrons there after the bars closed, too. Warsaw is a hell of a town.

■ INTO THE WOODS

After I’d put plenty of ZU into my system in Warsaw, it was time to see where it came from. I hopped a train for two and a half hours, then took a van another 40 minutes to Bialowieza—the town adjacent to the forest of the same name. The forest itself spans part of Poland and neighboring Belarus.

For hundreds of years, the forest was the private hunting grounds of the Russian czars, off-limits to everyone else. Thus it was never completely razed for wood, and is one of the rare places in Europe where the landscape looks as it did before the Continent was deforested. Bialowieza is a UNESCO World Heritage site that is protected at different levels in different areas; the area with the most extreme protection is only accessible when accompanied by a licensed guide in a horse-drawn carriage: no cars allowed.

The forest is also home to a protected, free-roaming herd of bison—about 450 animals on the Polish side alone. Supposedly, they like to munch on the sweet grass that grows there, known as bison grass. I guess the locals decided that if the grass was good enough for bison, it would be good enough to drink. The word and the brand name “Zubrowka” mean “bison-grass vodka.” (Note the absence of the word “pee.”)



SZARLOTKA

INGREDIENTS

- 1½ ounces ZU bison-grass vodka
- 5 ounces apple juice

Serve in an ice-filled highball glass.

That night we had dinner at a restaurant called Siolo Budy—a traditional Polish-themed place where you can churn your own butter and fold your own pierogi before eating them—kind of like Colonial Williamsburg, except for the endless supply of vodka. A traditional folk group sang, occasionally switching to an electric guitar and keyboard to rock it contemporary-style. By the end of the night, we were linking arms with the musicians and dancing around the room. In Poland, even old people know how to party.


After a night like that, the 5 A.M. wake-up call came far too early, but we had bison to stalk. We drove with a guide to a spot in the forest where the free-roaming bison are sometimes found at this god-awful time of day, and headed off on a trail.

it, let alone pee on it.

The ranger then explained that, due to climate change, the grass, once thick in this part of the woods, now grows more in the outer reaches of the forest. Its specific location is a closely guarded secret, known only to the two dozen families licensed to harvest it. It must grow in big fields there, because it takes a lot of grass to decorate the thousands of bottles of ZU vodka produced every year.

On the main trail we walked for a mile or so, but never saw any bison—just trees and mosquitoes. The guide later explained that he wasn’t all that hopeful we’d find any: At the time of year in which I visited, the bison retreat deeper into the forest to avoid all the biting insects. I can’t say I blamed them. Instead, I visited a zoo later that day for my better-than-nothing Polish-bison encounter.

So it seems the bison grass is now growing on the outskirts of the forest and the bison have retreated deep within it. Not only are the bison not munching on the bison grass, they are almost certainly not peeing on it in front of a farmer who then whisks it away, dripping wet, to the distillery to make your vodka.

But don’t let that stop you from telling your friends they’re drinking bison pee. If nothing else, urban legends are meant for sharing. 





Kind of a

"I've been told they don't make them like me anymore," says 26-year-old Magenta Bentley, who was the February 2011 Pet of the Month in our Australian edition. "I love to cook, clean, and please others." Wrap that up in a stunning 36-26-36 body, with that gorgeous hair and face, and we're sure you'll agree that Magenta is a woman to be treasured.

Photographs by Richard Arthur



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"The most daring thing I've ever done is jump out of a plane. Well, really I was rolled out of the plane because I was so scared."



"The most romantic place to make love is at the Four Seasons overlooking Sydney Harbour. We were having the hottest sex session, and then the fireworks at the Opera House went off right after we did."





"My first time with a girl, we went back to her place for a swim, but we ended up staying inside in the air-conditioning playing scissor sisters."

SEE MORE OF MAGENTA AT PENTHOUSE.COM.







The Peerless Peculiarities of Bobby V

Did you know that new Red Sox manager Bobby Valentine invented the sandwich wrap? And that's not all. Read on.

By Peter Schrager

Well before the debut of Ashton Kutcher's original *Punk'd* show (or the recycled one that MTV is rolling out now), there was Bobby Valentine in a pair of cheap sunglasses and

a fake mustache, hiding in the dugout during a 1999 Mets game versus the Toronto Blue Jays, from which he'd been ejected only minutes earlier.

Though he's managed more than 2,000 games in the majors, took two Mets teams to the playoffs, and won a championship in Japan with the

Chiba Lotte Marines, those sunglasses and that mustache are often the first things people mention in discussions of the man. Now, as Valentine embarks on the next stage of his career as manager of the Boston Red Sox, here's a look at some of the many interesting things you might not know about him:

☉ Valentine's 2,189 career MLB games are the third-most for a manager who has never finished in first place.

☉ In his first year as manager of the Texas Rangers, Valentine improved the team's win total by 25 games over the previous year. In his first season with the Mets, he improved New York's win total by 17 games over the year before.

☉ In 1985, a then-35-year-old Valentine said the following about veteran umpire Tim McClelland: "If he's a Major League umpire, then I'm a submarine pilot. They go about their job with as much intensity as a chain gang."


☉ In 2011, he was director of public health and safety for the city of Stamford, Connecticut.

☉ He owns a popular sports bar in Stamford called Bobby V's Sports Gallery Cafe. There's karaoke every Wednesday night, and a "Ty" Cobb salad on the menu. Get it?

☉ Valentine claims he "invented" the sandwich wrap at his restaurant in 1980. He explained it to *The Houston Chronicle* in 2010: "A customer asked for a club sandwich. That day, our toaster wasn't working, so I couldn't toast the toast. I looked around and took a tortilla and filled it with all the things from our regular club sandwich. I threw some grated cheese on top and wrapped it up. I put it in front of my customer and said it was our new Club Mex.... He liked it, so I put it on the menu, and it's still there." In a separate YouTube interview with Steve Krauchick, the new Boston skipper says, "From that day on, they called it a 'wrap,'" and cites the Japanese kanji for "wrap," which contains a number 2 (Bobby V's number), as further proof that he created this culinary innovation.

As for the mustache incident, the question everyone asks is, "How did he find a fake mustache in the clubhouse?"

Well, he didn't. The mustache was made out of two pieces of black tape.

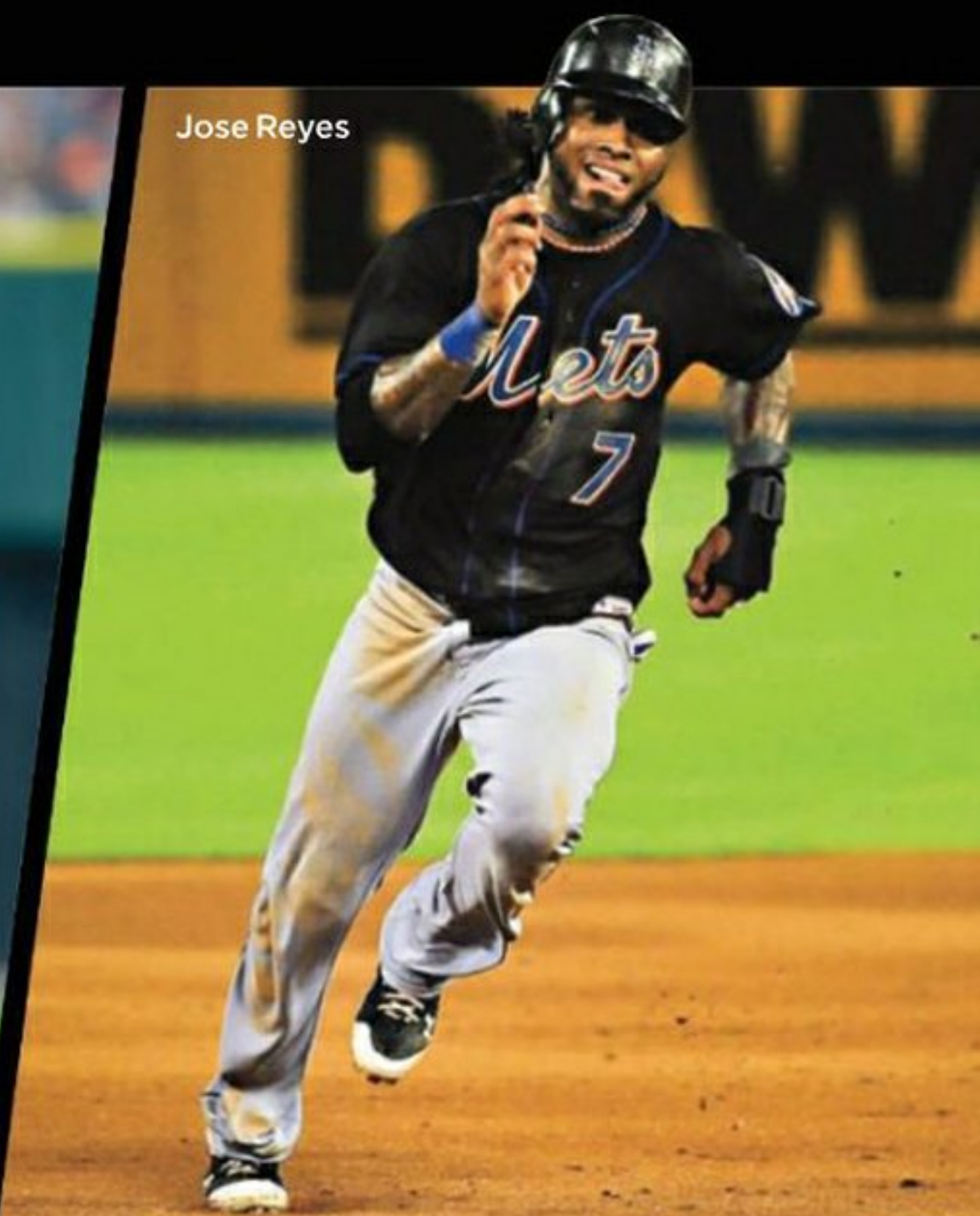
If nothing else, Valentine has always been resourceful. Enjoy him, Sox fans. 



Albert Pujols



C. J. Wilson



Jose Reyes

New Faces, New Places

You don't need to buy a 3,000-page Baseball Almanac to get caught up with all the off-season changes in the game. You've got us. Here are the nine moves you need to note.

9 The Dodgers will have a new owner by the time the season lifts off. Frank McCourt, the storied franchise's embattled owner, agreed to sell in November, and the list of potential buyers included some marquee names: Joe Torre, Magic Johnson, Steve Garvey, and Orel Hershiser.

8 Bobby Valentine is the new manager in Boston, Theo Epstein is the GM in Chicago, and Terry Francona is ... on ESPN.

7 Closer Huston Street left the band box that is Coors Field for the enormous pitcher-friendly Petco Park in San Diego.

6 Buried in the moves made by bigger teams for bigger stars was Minnesota's signing of former A's slugger Josh Willingham. Last year, Willingham hit 29 home runs and had 98 RBIs—career highs in both categories.


5 Jonathan Papelbon leaves one perennial winner for another, departing Boston for Philadelphia. No word as to what his entrance music will be.

4 The most intriguing and risky move was the Rangers' acquisition of Yu Darvish's rights. Texas outbid several suitors, submitting the highest-posting bid at just under \$52 million for the six-foot-five, 25-year-old righty from Japan.

3 Joe Nathan, the longtime closer for Minnesota, signed a deal with the defending American League champion Texas Rangers. He's two years removed from Tommy John surgery, but the Rangers hope Nathan can help them get over the hump and win the World Series after falling short two years in a row.

2 The Florida Marlins are now the Miami Marlins. They also have a new logo (thumbs up), a new

manager in Ozzie Guillen (thumbs up), a trio of newly signed stars in Jose Reyes, Mark Buehrle, and Heath Bell (thumbs way up), and a low-risk, high-reward possibility in new righty Carlos Zambrano.

1 On December 8, the Angels signed both Albert Pujols and pitcher C. J. Wilson for a combined \$331.5 million. They'll have seven other guys on the field on Opening Day, too. 



Yu Darvish



Rundown

Five follow-up questions on the real-life characters from *Moneyball*, last fall's critically acclaimed baseball movie.

Moneyball wowed the critics and charmed even non-baseball fans last fall, but the movie left a lot of unanswered questions. Ten years after the events depicted in the film, we take a shot at filling in some holes.

So, did the A's ever win the World Series?

No, the A's have yet to win a championship, or replicate the success they had in that magical 2002 season, when they won 103 games. They've been to the playoffs just once

since 2003, and although General Manager Billy Beane did receive a small portion of the A's team ownership in 2005, he still hasn't won a pennant in Oakland.

Whatever happened to Jonah Hill's character, Peter Brand?

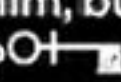
Peter Brand was a made-up name for Paul DePodesta, the erstwhile wunderkind 26-year-old Harvard grad who crunched numbers for Beane in Oakland. At 31, he became the third-youngest GM in baseball history, signing a major deal with

the Los Angeles Dodgers in 2004. He was fired after two seasons and now works as the vice president of player development and scouting for the Mets.

What's Scott "Hattie" Hatteberg doing these days? If there's any Hollywood ending to this one, it concerns Hatteberg, the player Beane so desperately wanted as the A's first baseman: He is now back in Oakland, working in the front office alongside Beane as a special assistant to baseball operations.

Did Art Howe like the way he was portrayed in the movie? Philip Seymour Hoffman depicted A's manager Art Howe as a reluctant, stubborn, lucky S.O.B. How'd he take it? According to *USA Today*, Howe said of *Moneyball*: "It certainly doesn't help it the way I was portrayed. I think the book hurt me and now the movie. I want people who don't know Art Howe—that's the problem with the movie—I've spent my whole career trying to build a good reputation and be a good baseball man and someone who people like to play for

and all of the above. Then in two hours, people who don't know me—and Brad Pitt's a big name, people are going to see his movies—all these people across the country are going to get this perception of me that's totally unfair and untruthful. So I'm very upset."

How did Jonah Hill lose all that weight? As he told the *Today* show, he "just woke up one day" and he was like that. No, he saw a nutritionist and cut the weight. Good for him, but it looks weird, right? 

PHOTOGRAPH BY MELINDA SUE GORDON

Penthouse Picks

In past years, we called the rise of both the Phillies and the Rays. See how we do this season.

National League

- East Champion: Atlanta Braves
- Central Champion: Milwaukee Brewers
- West Champion: Colorado Rockies
- Wild Card: Philadelphia Phillies
- MVP: Troy Tulowitzki, Colorado Rockies
- Cy Young: Cliff Lee, Philadelphia Phillies
- Rookie of the Year: Julio Teheran, Atlanta Braves
- Pennant: Atlanta Braves

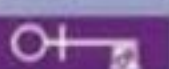
American League

- East Champion: New York Yankees
- Central Champion: Detroit Tigers
- West Champion: Texas Rangers
- Wild Card: Tampa Bay Rays
- MVP: Evan Longoria, Tampa Bay Rays
- Cy Young: Justin Verlander, Detroit Tigers
- Rookie of the Year: Jesus Montero, Seattle Mariners
- Pennant: New York Yankees

■ World Series: Braves over Yankees in 7 ■

PENTHOUSE

TOYS



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Rebel Yell

Erotic model/entrepreneur **Ariel Rebel** is doing all she can to make her presence known on the web, including providing us with sexy photos of herself wearing—and, even better, not wearing—Penthouse panties.

By Jennifer Peters

There are some who say the internet was invented for one reason and one reason only: to propagate pornography.

We're not sure if that's really why it exists, but it's certainly our favorite thing about it.

At 26 years old, Canadian model Ariel Rebel has already built an online empire, running not only her own websites—her paid site, her free blog, and a web comic—but a network of sites starring other models, as well as her own affiliate program. That might sound like a lot, but to a technophile

like Ariel, it's barely enough to keep her from getting bored. "Some people would call me a workaholic," she says, "but I don't think of it as work. I've always been very creative, and I'm superactive online, so it never seems like a chore to work on my sites."

Ariel started her own website in 2005, but it wasn't until 2008 that she took the reins. Wanting to better reflect her personality, she started shooting more and more of her own content and adding features—including a collection of her favorite recipes—that she felt her fans would





“There are fans who really interact with me online, and those people are awesome. But some just want to get in, jerk off, and get out, and that’s okay, too.”

enjoy. She wanted there to be something for everyone.

“What I’m doing online,” she tells us, “no one else is doing right now. I like glamour and beauty, so even if I’m fucking myself with a dildo, it’s going to be very cinematic.”

The unique aesthetic of Ariel’s sites—which combines ideas from classic glamour shoots, Japanese anime, and rock ‘n’ roll—has lured in women and couples, in addition to the scores of men who follow her online

exploits. “There are fans who really interact with me online, and those people are awesome,” she says. “But some just want to get in, jerk off, and get out, and that’s okay, too.”

Pleasing horny men and running a porn empire wasn’t always the plan. Her first love, Ariel admits, is the theater. When she realized acting wasn’t going to be the most profitable career, she headed to college, majoring in fashion design. When she needed cash, she started working in a local sex shop, and one thing led to another. “An amateur photographer approached me at work one day and asked if I’d do a shoot with him,” she

tells us. “After that I did some web-camming, but that didn’t last long. It did, however, allow me to meet a ton of girls and photographers, and I started modeling a lot more. I realized I liked doing it. It’s fun to see my inner femme fatale come out during a shoot, and I like showing off for the camera. Most of all, I love seeing the results, especially when I get to see my photos online or in magazines. It’s a rush.”

Ariel often finds herself doing




quick 30-minute shoots of an idea that's popped into her head. She admits that the photos that appear here came about in much the same way. "A fan had sent me these adorable panties from Penthouse, and I decided I needed to shoot in them," she explains. "I had so much fun shooting that set. Afterward, I decided to send the photos to *Penthouse*. It's always been a dream of mine to shoot for the magazine, and I figured, *What the hell?* Then I got the call that my photos were going to run. I couldn't believe it."

When Ariel isn't starring in her fans' fantasies, she's working with other

gorgeous girls. "Honestly, one of the best parts of my job is looking at all the hot naked girls," she says. "It's definitely a pleasure."

She's not kidding, folks. Ariel doesn't simply like looking at girls for work; she's attracted to them in her everyday life as well. "Sometimes I like butchy girls, sometimes more girlie girls," she says. "I like a girl with a nice butt. That's definitely a turn-on. Too hairy a pussy is a breaking point, though." Even her favorite fantasy

involves other women: having a ladies-only orgy. "I've never done it, but I want to," she admits. "It's on my list."

Also on Ariel's list is internet domination. In addition to updating her comic with new stories and redesigning her website, Ariel wants to start a video series where she teaches men how to woo women, with life tips and cooking lessons. "I want to show men how to be sexy," she tells us. "And men who can cook—that's sexy." 

The panties Ariel is modeling are no longer available, but check out other sexy options at PenthouseStore.com.



INTERNAL AFFAIR

IN HER NEW BOOK,
GUTS, KRISTEN
JOHNSTON MAPS HER
JOURNEY FROM EMMY-
WINNING FAME ON
3RD ROCK FROM THE
SUN TO A HAIR-RAISING
BRUSH WITH DEATH
IN THE THROES OF
ADDICTION—AND BACK.

BY JOHN BOLSTER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY
DAVID KHINDA

SKRISTEN JOHNSTON WRITES IN the introduction to her sardonic, literally gut-wrenching memoir, “An actress addicted to booze and pills who then writes a book about it is relatively unheard of—and when I say ‘unheard of,’ I mean, ‘disturbingly commonplace.’” But Johnston’s book stands out for its unvarnished presentation and high, frequently bitter irony. While recounting the hazardous central episode of the story—her stomach lining ripped open, admitting “intestinal content” into her abdominal cavity and nearly causing her to bleed to death—Johnston takes time out to publish an *Onion*-style British-tabloid obituary for herself. In the “fauxbituary,” as she calls it, she details the emergency in sensationalistic—and sensationally insensitive—broad strokes. (“Hollywood Tragedy Right Here in U.K.! Kirstine Johnson [*sic*], 37, found dead on her ‘loo.’”) It’s outrageous and blackly comic, like much of the memoir, which ranges from her childhood in Wisconsin to sudden fame in her twenties to her dissolution while forging a successful stage career in New York and London—and, finally, to her current state of recovery. But for all its humor, the book works best when Johnston sets aside the irony armor and risks an honest, straightforward account of her ordeal.

Johnston, who recently wrapped up the first season of the TV Land sitcom *The Exes* with Wayne Knight (*Seinfeld*) and Donald Faison (*Scrubs*), spoke to us about her memoir, the multilayered meaning of its title, and the irritating prevalence of dream catchers in Arizona.

Hey Kristen, thanks for your time. You’re welcome. I’ve never talked to *Penthouse* before. I’m excited. I gotta get my wax, and I’ll be ready for the shoot.

Congrats on the book. It’s very— Thank you. Are you an addict?

I’m not, no.

But yes you are. C’mon, what are you addicted to?

[Laughs]

Work. Something.

Maybe work. Possibly soccer.

There you go. No. That’s not addiction. That’s fun.

It’s a healthy addiction—mostly. But I’ve had friends who were addicts and in recovery, so I know a little about it.

Oh, yeah. You don’t have to be in it to know it. As I said to the publisher, If everyone who has been touched by addiction buys this book, it’ll be the biggest best-seller of all time. I mean, look at *A Million Little Pieces*. Even after it was debunked as a fraud, it was *still* selling. I think it’s a really good book, and I think his explanation—which was that it sort of became this monster—I think that’s probably true.

Also, when it comes to memoirs, the line between fact and fiction is not as clear as you might think.

I agree, and I think a lot of the book was true. That’s why it still sells. I think people can smell it. If my book had been written by a ghostwriter, you would be able to tell on the first page. I mean, I read some of these books, and they’re like, “Fame was hard....”

[Laughs] You kept the extent of your drug and alcohol use fairly well hidden, but you weren’t fooling everyone, were you? Some people knew.

People started to know. Some people knew there was something going on, for sure. But for so many years, I set up this persona of: *I’m fine*—that people just were scared of me. And I’m scary. I guess. I can be ... intimidating.



"BY THE TIME YOU BECOME THE NONFUNCTIONING ADDICT, YOU'RE TOO FUCKED-UP TO REALIZE YOU'RE NOT FUNCTIONING ANYMORE. YOU LOSE YOUR ABILITY TO ASSESS SITUATIONS."

You were mixing alcohol and prescription narcotics like Vicodin. Seems like every other day you hear about somebody dying from combinations like that—

Yeah, but they're not me! That would never happen to me! No, yeah—I can't believe I'm alive. I can't believe it. It's ridiculous. I should be dead, for sure.

Was it the kind of thing you researched? Were you like, *Oh, I can take X amount of this and—*

No, no. I *felt* it. I was my own doctor. As I say in the book, I was the Nancy Drew of painkillers. But by the time you become the nonfunctioning addict, you're too fucked-up to realize you're not functioning anymore. So you lose your ability to assess situations, friendships. You could lose a job or a friend—I mean, real consequences—and you just don't bat an eye.

Your judgment goes out the window.

That's why I tried to make the addiction a character, almost. Like, this man ["M" or "Him" or "Mr. M" in the book]. Because that's the only way I could describe the seduction. People who feel sort of pleasant and a little nauseous on painkillers—they don't understand that, for an addict, it's like taking a pill that makes them feel terrific and makes all their troubles go away and makes them able to do everything at warp speed and perfectly ... that's what it is! You don't

take it to party.

How hard is it for you, now, to not use?

I'm not a white-knuckler (*thank you ... Mary, Jesus*). Honestly. I see white-knucklers, but I'm not one. Sometimes I just wish I could be *other*. But I don't miss drinking. I don't miss the taste of it. I thought for sure I would, because I was a wino. The only time I ever miss it is when I walk into a sushi restaurant. I think, *Oh, I wish I could have sake*. But you could drink in front of me. I have friends who come to dinner parties and bring booze. I do ask them to take it with them, out of respect, when they leave [*chuckles*].

Do you still go to a daily meeting?

No, not anymore. And what I really want for this book is that it's not [pigeonholed as] an addiction book. Because while addiction is certainly the *story*, in a major way, what I was going for was a story about, How do you change your life? Not like, *Oh, let's get self-help tapes and work out*. I mean, How do you change your DNA? How do you forgive yourself for your flaws? Do you have to listen to tapes? Do you go to conferences? The fact is, you don't have to do any of that crap. You just have to fucking look at yourself in the mirror and get real. I know that sounds, in itself, horrifying, but [the book is] about a woman who ripped off her mask. Just stopped

bullshitting. I think people can relate to that, and I hope it's not just an addiction book.

Has your mom read *Guts*?

My mom has read parts of it. It's very difficult for her because she feels responsible. I think all parents do. She also doesn't quite understand the need to share it with everybody. I'm from a very private family. But she understands it's my journey, and I gotta do what I gotta do. And certainly there was a lot of stuff—like the flaws of a family—that I didn't share because it's not my right.

I enjoyed this line about rehab in Arizona: "Even if your counselor has a dream catcher above her desk, I don't care, listen anyway."

[*Laughs, hard*] I'm so glad you liked that. Well, there are dream catchers all over Arizona. I kept saying, "What are those fucking nets with beads and the feathers?" Horrifying. Did you like that I got all that turquoise jewelry, and the bracelet that said IT WORKS IF YOU WORK IT, SO WORK IT, YOU'RE WORTH IT?

I did. I also thought it was uniquely awful that Tiffany's "I Think We're Alone Now" got stuck in your head as you lay near death in the hospital.

I'm glad you appreciated that, too. Because, you know, I'm not a writer. I don't write journals. I'm just a reader. And I think you can tell as you read the




the rest are really funny. For real.

You're also working locally in addiction. Can you tell our readers about that?

I'm trying to build a sober high school here in New York City. Because even though it's so not written about in the press, the problem is epidemic. One in three teenagers in the U.S. meets the medical criteria for addiction. And if a kid is lucky enough to go to rehab, but then goes back to his high school, the relapse rate is 80 percent. For kids who go to a sober high school—which is basically the same as a regular high school but there are AA meetings offered, and a range of support—70 percent of them graduate drug- and alcohol-free. I formed a board called SLAM, which stands for Sobriety through Learning And Motivation. You can find us on Facebook (SLAM NYC) and at SlamNYC.com.



What should we take away from *Guts*?

You know when I said that addicts take the drug to be the person they always wanted to be? To be totally honest with you, it kind of works—for a minute. But then it backfires. It's taking a shortcut to something, you know? Look, if you go on a starvation diet? Great, you lose weight! But then you eat an apple? You're gonna be obese. There's no quick route to happiness, to serenity, to —yeah, to joy! You can't take a pill and be okay. It's not gonna work. It's a process. There are no shortcuts. 

book that I learn how to really write during the book. By the third or fourth chapter you start going, *She can actually string a couple of sentences together, this girl*. I mean, I hope.

It definitely picks up substance and momentum as it moves along.

Exactly. And I kept it that way on purpose, because it's about the journey. I didn't go back and slick it up, because I kind of like the rawness of it [in the beginning]. I like that it's just me. It's how I talk. That's also why I designed the cover. I was just fucking around one day, and I got this picture that my old boyfriend took of me smoking. I came up with a fun title, I tossed it on there—and then [the publisher] saw it and freaked out. Now it's the cover.

Well, speaking of the title and the cover, they work on several levels, obviously: It takes "guts" to expose yourself and be vulnerable, you're "spilling your guts" in this memoir, and of course your guts blew up. It's kind of the only title it could have.

I think there's another element, though: You kind of look like a badass on the cover.
Yeah?

I've talked to some friends who've gone to meetings, and they say that there are a lot of veteran addicts who will talk about their war stories. Glorify them, like, *I was a badass. I did this, and that—and I could take it*. Do you think there's an element of that in the process?

Not at all. I'm sure I do that at some point in the book, but I don't think there's bravado [generally]. I'm actually really proud of myself for telling this story, but I don't glorify it. Hopefully you can see that in the book.

In the book, you certainly do not glorify it, but I'm wondering if in the culture of recovery, there is that element. Do you see that in meetings?

Of course. Everybody's sick! It's a bunch of fucked-up people in a room. You're going to get all kinds of stuff. [But] it's a really important part of my personal recovery, and it made a huge impact on me. Even if I only go to meetings now when I need to go.

Your show *The Exes* had a good first season.

Yes! And you can go to TVLand.com and watch full episodes. Don't watch the first one, because it's terrible, but





swing time

Not many women embody the busty blonde beauty that's so celebrated in adult entertainment more perfectly than Gina Lynn. This petite porn star is a very welcome addition to our roster of Penthouse Pets.

Photographs by Harry Connor





"A lot of people make fun of New Jersey, but I love it. I love the seasons, and that the beach, ocean, and the mountains are so close together. Also, New York City is an hour away, and Six Flags Great Adventure is just up the road."





"I have the same favorite fantasy as a lot of women—I want to be submissive. Any type of scenario in which I'm dominated sexually does it for me."









"It was great to be shooting for *Penthouse*, and I loved the whole experience, but my favorite part was shooting in the winery because I'm releasing my own wine called Curvy Rabbit this year."



♀ GINA LYNN
APRIL 2012 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE BIG RIP









"The most daring thing I've ever done is nude hang gliding over the mountains in North Carolina. I'm scared to fly, but I also have a crazy streak in me. I hate to pass when I'm dared to do something."

GINA LYNN
APRIL 2012 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH







Vital signs:

34D-24-34; 5'2"

37 years old

Hometown:

Jackson, New Jersey.

Favorite vacation spot:

Hawaii.

Dream vacation spot:

I'd like to travel through Europe.

Favorite food:

Sushi or spicy Mexican.

Favorite music:

Hip-hop.

Favorite TV shows:

All the Real Housewives, Shameless, Nurse Jackie.

Favorite movies:

Wrong Turn, The Texas Chainsaw Massacre, Horrible Bosses, Bridesmaids.

Favorite sport:

Hockey.

You're always up for:

Sushi and a bottle of wine.

You're never up for:

Anal sex!

What gets you excited?

Reaching goals, my sex-toy line, getting to be a Penthouse Pet.

What gets you in trouble?

Captain Morgan or vodka.

Would you rather get caught masturbating by your parents or the pizza-delivery guy?

Pizza guy, of course. I'd bring him into the equation.

Who are your real-life heroes?

People who rescue others in need, whether it's soldiers, fire fighters, police officers, or that pizza-delivery guy.

SEE MORE OF GINA AT PENTHOUSE.COM.



nothing's shocking

"I am not a licensed therapist, guru, or magic relationship mender. This is sex and love advice from a guy who has seen both failure and success in the relationship department. I am a little jaded, a little disillusioned, a little sarcastic, yet very honest. Answers may be sincere, absurd, comical, or sometimes flat-out wrong. You'll have to consider the source, I suppose."

By Dave Navarro

■ What is the best way to achieve an erection after an eight-ball of cocaine?

One of life's great mysteries. How to get a handle on a drug that makes you want to fuck, but prevents you from doing so. Women tend to not have an issue with it, so we as men are even more screwed ... or not screwed. You know what I mean. I know some guys claim Cialis or Viagra is the way to go here, but I always found myself with a splitting headache from it—and not the good head. My suggestion? Get really good at cunnilingus. It's your best bet in terms of staying in the bedroom and being able to perform on any level. That or try the pills. For me? I gave up the drugs. I found that I would rather just fuck than spend a bunch of money to not be able to fuck, sleep, or think rationally.

■ How do you be yourself and feel comfortable around women?

I have actually answered this one before, but I believe it is worth repeating. It's all about your state of mind and level of self-acceptance. The way I look at it is this: I'm already not having sex with her, so what have I got to lose by being true to myself? Worst-case scenario is, I'm still not having sex with her. I'm no better or worse off in the long run as I haven't risked anything. Also, there is no point in pretending to be anyone other than who you are. If you do, you'll eventually digress into your true self and it will all come out in the end anyway. Why even spend the energy creating a false exterior?


■ Do men prefer big or small breasts?

I'm sure you can imagine that if you ask a group of men that question, you will find yourself with a multitude of answers. There is no one answer. Everybody likes what he likes. I will answer this for myself, to give you an idea of where my personal taste lies. For me, it is a simple rule: Real, little to medium; fake, big. I don't have an issue with size at all, just what they're made up of. However, if I'm really into the girl, it doesn't matter at all. On a purely superficial level, I am not a huge fan of big real breasts. They flop all over and fall into the arms and just seem like a huge mess to me. I type this with a smile because it sounds funny, but it also happens to be true. I like a firm-and-in-place set that is visually pleasing as well as functional. Visual stimulation in the bedroom is as important to me as the physical.

■ How do I tell a guy that I'm 25 and still a virgin? And what would you think about a girl you want to have sex with who tells you that?

This has also come up before, but again, it bears repeating: Just tell him. There's no point in keeping it a secret if you think it will have a profound and possible negative effect on how your relationship may go. For me? I may shy away from dating a 25-year-old virgin only because I am aware that if we ever connect sexually, there could be an emotional expectation. Men know that if we are your first, it's a pretty important thing. Some of us don't want to be that pivotal of a person, and will balk at it early on in a relationship.

■ Do you think physical appearance matters that much to women? I've noticed that girls these days seem way more shallow than guys.

I don't know that they are *more* shallow than men, but I would say that the answer varies. It depends on the woman. Some are intrigued by personality, wisdom, intellect, or humor, while others are more physically driven. In this way, women are very similar to men. More often than not for both sexes, an initial physical attraction is what entices one to look deeper to see if the intellectual/personality/humor criteria can be met. This is why you see so many "hot" first dates without a follow-up. If the minds can't meet, someone gets bored easily. 

Laughter in the Dark

No topic is off-limits to Anthony Jeselnik, master of the well-turned, pitch-black payoff.

By John Bolster

Think of Anthony Jeselnik as stand-up's version of a spelunker: With jokes about such taboo subjects as rape, suicide, and the disabled, he stakes out caverns of darkness. But his smart punch lines always shine a light on unexpected twists and turns in the gloom. And he delivers them with a bright smile, his self-described "arrogant-jerk" persona radiating self-satisfaction from the stage.

The result is an effect so over-the-top that (most) audiences let him get away with—well, not murder, but *joking* about murder. Or religion, or race—or serious illness, as he did with the following, delivered at the Comedy Central roast of Charlie Sheen: "The only reason you got on TV in the first place is because God hates Michael J. Fox."

Indeed, Jeselnik's merciless approach, along with his concise delivery, makes his act "built for roasts," as he told us. He got his first shot at the medium on the March 2011 Comedy Central roast of Donald Trump, and followed that up with a standout turn on the Sheen event. The two appearances vaulted his career to a higher level, and now he has a development deal with Comedy Central, a nascent movie career, and a fan base stretching from coast to coast.

Jeselnik recently spoke to *Penthouse* about all three, as well as his favorite audience reactions, his onstage persona, and Christopher Walken.

I watched you perform recently, and someone in our group said you were like "Andrew Dice Clay with 15 more IQ points."

Only 15?

Only 15—sorry. But you know, if he's in the 100 range, then you're above

average, so ...

I'd like to think I'd be around 180—as a comedian. But yeah, I'll take that as a compliment. That's a good one.

One writer described you as "mean in a very likable fashion." How do you maintain that balance?

I don't really try to maintain that balance. I just want to be mean, but I guess there's something about the way I look, or the way that I enjoy

being mean. Maybe my smile comes off as likable to people?

How often do you get bad reactions from audience members?

As often as I can.

[Laughs] That's the goal?

Yeah, I enjoy having that mixture. If you're a fan of mine and you're enjoying me and you see a table of people who are just miserable, I think that would make you enjoy it that much more. I also think that comedy is kind of like going to see a movie. You'd better do some research on what you're going to see before you walk into the theater. When people don't, I have no sympathy for them. I'm not like, *Oh, I better get these people happy*. I just barrel right through.

Is there a line you won't cross, or do you feel like anything's fair game as long as the joke is well crafted?

There's no line, I don't think. And if there was something that people were like, *Oh, you can't make a joke about this*, I would immediately try to make a joke about that. But I have personal choices—like, I would never use an ethnic slur. Even though I talk about race in a mostly derogatory way, for the joke. But it would hurt my argument to use language like that. I'm already walking a fine line between "ironic racist" and "racist" as it is.

Give me your darkest—and cleverest—joke: One that hits hard on both counts.

One joke I like right now is "I'm a nice guy. Like I would never hit a woman. Even if she had a knife ... or a stutter."

What's your take on Twitter's usefulness for a comic? Do you find that it helps you come up with material, or do you feel like it's a burden?

I've kind of figured out my niche on Twitter. I used to just do jokes, like, *Let's try this joke out*. But that would either ruin a joke for the stage, or it wouldn't be that good a joke, and people would give me shit about it. So now I only tweet things that I would never do onstage. Like current-events stuff. If something big happens in the news, I'll tweet about that. Usually a celebrity death. Those are my favorites.



"I felt like if I saw me walking up, I'd be like, *Who is this douche bag?* Then I thought, *Let's go with that, and just be an arrogant jerk.*"

How did you evolve your onstage persona?

I realized what I looked like onstage. I looked hate-able. I felt like if I saw me walking up, I'd be like, *Who is this douche bag?* Then I thought, *Let's go with that, and just be an arrogant jerk.* The audience let me know that was cool. The more I would go over-the-top and talk about how great I was, they really ate it up.

Your jokes often get rounds of applause. Which is more rewarding—big laughs, or applause?

They're both good. But my favorite reaction is that half-crowd laugh, half-crowd "oooh." You know what I mean? They don't know what the hell to do, and you can sit there and kind of bask in that. I really enjoy the half-and-half, as I call it.


It lets you know you hit the sweet spot.

Exactly. That's the ping on the bat, right there.

Have you ever been told you sound like Christopher Walken?

Yeah—my whole family gets that. It's funny. We're from Pittsburgh. I don't know if it's a Pittsburgh thing or what. But I embrace it. I'm a huge Christopher Walken fan, and I think it really helps onstage with the timing of jokes. Because every joke, you know there's going to be a twist, and if I can talk like that, break up my speech, then I can hide the punch line. And then really hit them with it.

How much of a difference have the Comedy Central roasts made in your career?

Oh, night and day. Those things are like the Super Bowl of comedy. Millions of people watch them. When I do shows on the road now, people are coming out to see me, not to see comedy. That makes a huge difference for my show. It's been great. 





Why is former gold medalist **Kurt Angle** attempting a comeback to Olympic wrestling at the age of 43, after four neck injuries and 16 years away from the sport?

By Thomas Golianopoulos
Photographs by Per Bernal

Inside the wrestling room of a gym on Main Street in Carnegie, Pennsylvania, a quiet hamlet outside Pittsburgh, Kurt Angle is stretching his neck. In 1996, he won the Olympic gold medal in heavyweight freestyle wrestling while recovering from two fractured cervical vertebrae and two herniated disks. He's broken his neck three more times since then. He insists it's fine. At the moment, he's more concerned about his hamstring. "It tore, partially. I wrestled the pay-per-view with my leg taped, and it bled so badly the whole back of my leg—the

calf, shin, and foot—were black," he says. But that, too, is apparently fine. "I rehabbed right. Nine days later, I was back on the mats."

Angle is one of only four wrestlers in history to win the junior nationals (1987), an NCAA individual title (1990, '92), a world championship ('95), and an Olympic gold medal ('96). But after his triumph in Atlanta in '96, he did something almost as unusual as his grand slam of championships: Angle entered the world of professional wrestling, where results are often predetermined and theater outstrips competition. That's not to



When he wakes up, he says, he feels like he's "90 years old." **"[But] when I get done training, I feel like I'm 30."**

say that pro wrestling isn't physically demanding; it certainly is, and Angle has the beaten-up body to prove it. He walks gingerly and lands on the middle of his foot with each step. When he wakes up, he says, he feels like he's "90 years old." So he hits the gym early. "When I get done training, I feel like I'm 30."

Today, Angle and his sparring partner will beat each other up for 90 minutes, executing clinches, fireman carries, and double-leg takedowns. There's also an accidental knee to the balls. The session leaves both guys breathing heavily.

"You bring water?" asks Tony, Angle's go-to guy for sparring when Angle is not on the road with Total Nonstop Action (TNA) Wrestling, or working at his new company, Angle Foods.

"I forgot again," Angle says, collapsing onto the padded blue mat. "I need you at least one day next week," he tells Tony. "On the seventh, I'm meeting with a pizza company from Italy. On the eighth, I'm meeting

with GNC. But this is the priority. Training first. Everything gets worked around the training."

Why is training such a high priority for a former gold medalist who has spent the past 14 years as an entertainer/entrepreneur? At 43, with a one-year-old daughter, two kids from a previous marriage, and four neck injuries, Angle is attempting one of the unlikeliest comebacks in Olympics history: He's trying to qualify for the London 2012 Summer Games. He will compete in the U.S. Olympic qualifying event in Iowa City in April. If he wins the event, he'll be the U.S. representative in London in the 96-kilogram (211.6-pound) weight class. If he finishes second or third, he'll go as an alternate.

Kurt Angle's workouts leading up to the 1996 Olympics were legendary. He was also one of the best-conditioned performers in professional wrestling. Now, as he embarks on his comeback, he trains 12 times a week with fierce intensity. But he's not only trying to overcome age and rust: Angle has gone through a rough patch in the past few years. He's in recovery from a life-threatening addiction

to prescription drugs; he's had repeated run-ins with the law; and to top it off, in 2009 his wife, Karen, left him for TNA cofounder Jeff Jarrett, and the entire episode was used as a wrestling storyline on television.

The Olympics are Angle's attempt to rewrite his narrative following the public embarrassments. The entire enterprise is obviously far-fetched, and could be solely a PR move, but Angle is one of the all-time greats, and he still has the superhuman drive that pushed him to victory in 1996. "When he sets his mind on something, that's all that's going to get his attention until he completes his goal," says ex-wife Karen Jarrett. "The thing that makes him amazing in his career is his downfall in his personal life."

But these days, Angle is trying to do a better job of balancing his personal and professional lives. Earlier today, before the sparring session, he spent a relaxing morning with his 25-year-old fiancée, Giovanna Yannotti. "That was the first time we did that in so long," Angle says. But he also made sure it didn't interfere with training. "She was like, 'Can we sit in bed and watch a movie?' I said, 'Until 1:30.'"

Kurt Angle is the baby of his family, the youngest of six siblings who grew up in the suburbs of Pittsburgh, where his father worked as a crane operator. Sports were a big deal in the Angle household, and his four older brothers all excelled. It was difficult for Kurt to live up to their reputation, and he often fought with his brother Eric, who was a year older. "I never wanted to hit him, but my brother wouldn't hesitate to punch me in the face," Kurt says. "My brothers didn't think I was championship material. I had a lot of proving to do."

Angle found his footing in high school, where he was a football and wrestling star. But when he was 16 years old, his father fell off a crane and was later declared brain-dead. Even though his father had attended all of his sporting events, Angle didn't cry at the hospital after hearing the news. He wanted to go home for a good night's sleep before football practice. "It just didn't



register” at first, he says. A week later, he broke down sobbing.

The following year, Angle’s athletic career began to soar. He won a state championship in wrestling, and went on to become a two-time NCAA Division I champion at Clarion University, a school of 7,000 students about 100 miles outside Pittsburgh. After college, Angle won the free-style heavyweight gold medal at the 1995 World Championships. He was the pride of the family, the one Angle boy who’d made it, and he stayed with his mother while preparing for the Olympics. He lived monastically, training a preposterous ten hours a day and speaking with his then-fiancée only twice a week. “I knew what I was doing. I was winning the gold medal,” he says. “I didn’t care about anything else.”

There were obstacles, however. Angle’s coach, Dave Schultz, was murdered in January 1996, and a few months later, Angle broke two vertebrae and herniated two disks in his neck during the Olympic trials. He

received Novocain injections during the Olympics and battled through the injuries to achieve his goal. “I wasn’t happy,” he says now. “It was more relief than happiness. It was like, *Thank you, Lord, I don’t have to worry about the Olympics anymore.*”

Olympic gold launched Angle into instant celebrity. He schmoozed with Gwyneth Paltrow on *The Tonight Show* and played basketball with Jon Stewart and Ben Stiller at Garry Shandling’s house.

When the hubbub died down he became a local sportscaster, but was comically inept at the gig. Angle briefly considered coaching, but instead ended up contacting the World Wrestling Federation. They had offered him a contract following the Olympics and he’d declined. In 1998, he signed with the WWF and quickly became one of their biggest

superstars. “He was a natural,” says WWE Hall of Fame wrestler “Stone Cold” Steve Austin. “Everything he did looked good. He was able to chain wrestle, he understood the psychology of it, and he cut great promos. The guy was the fastest learner I’d ever seen.”

In time, Angle “won” championship belts, headlined WrestleMania, and produced the most entertaining and athletic matches on the card. “Guys who had been wrestling for years were saying he’s the best guy they’ve ever been in the ring with,” says Bryan Alvarez, editor of the wrestling newsletter *Figure Four Weekly*. “He’s one of the best of all time.”

As dubious as that distinction might be for wrestling purists, it gave Angle’s life a second act and provided him with a steady and substantial income. But no sooner had he established his new life than it began to fall apart. He injured his neck three times in a 14-month period, and even though he’d never done drugs before and wasn’t a drinker, he became addicted to painkillers after the injuries. He got chummy with doctors and became junkie-smart, scoring from different pharmacies. It got to a point where he’d take 65 pills a day, including 18 upon waking to quell the shakes. “I had some scares,” he says. “There were a couple of times where my ex almost had to call the ambulance because I wasn’t waking up.”

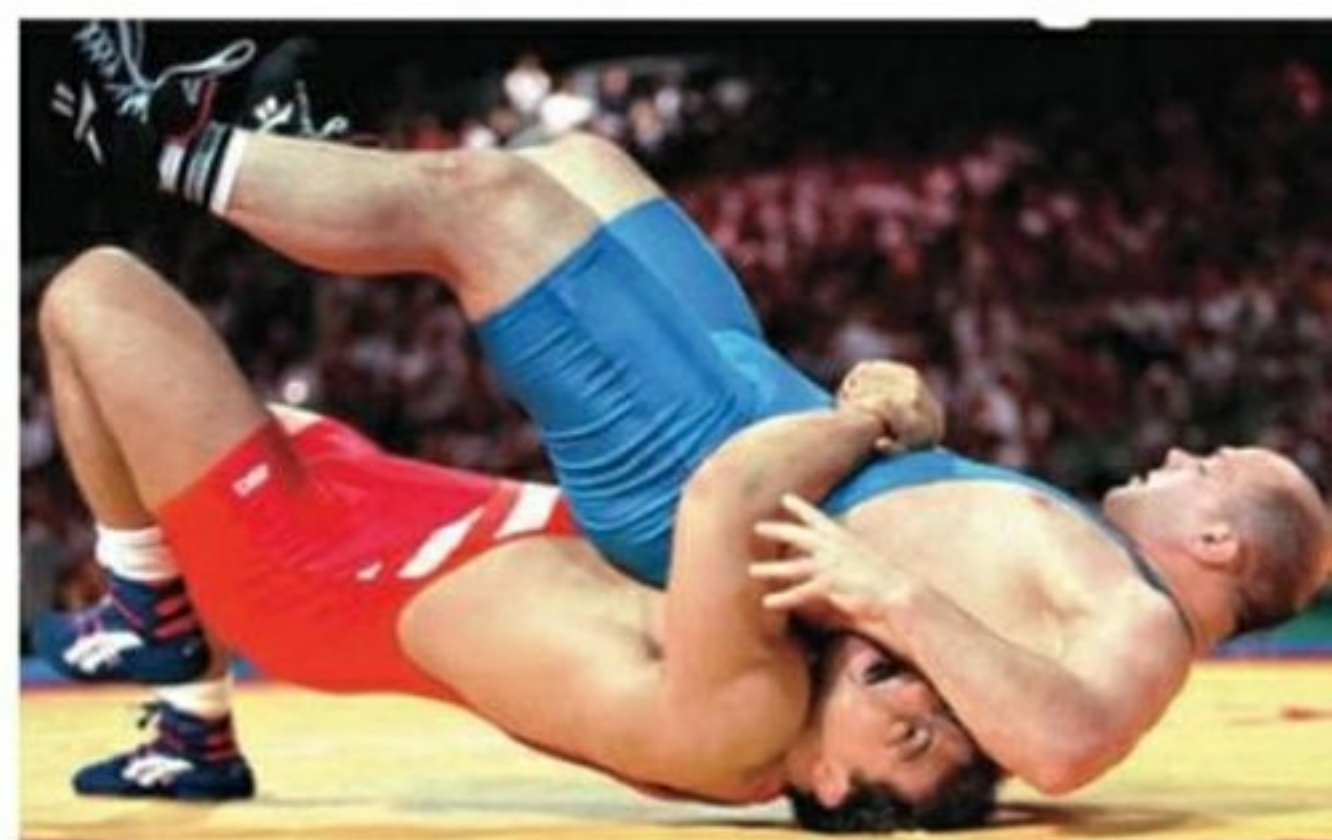
“There were more than a few close calls,” says Karen Jarrett of that time. Professional wrestlers have a high mortality rate, and Angle appeared close to increasing it. “Every time he went on the road,” Jarrett recalls, “I was afraid I would get that phone call.” Angle eventually quit cold turkey. These days, he says, his only vices are tobacco pouches. He also takes a non-narcotic medication to curtail the “buzzing in my neck.”

Angle sits in a McDonald’s near the Pittsburgh airport. He’s wearing a black T-shirt, olive-colored shorts, grungy sneakers, and a black wool cap inscribed with WAR MACHINE. His eyes are a clear, almost eerie shade of blue, and he doesn’t make much eye contact while recounting his lost days.

“I was disgusted with myself,” he says. Addiction, he says, runs in his family. His father was a “functioning alcoholic,” and his sister Le’Anne died of a heroin overdose in 2003. Angle was suspended in June 2006



Angle defeated Konstantin Aleksandrov of Kyrgyzstan (right) in the semifinals before edging out Iranian Abbas Jadidi to win the 1996 Olympic gold medal.



Angle is one of only four wrestlers ever to win the junior nationals, an NCAA title, a world championship, and an Olympic gold medal.

for having steroids in his system after his prescription expired. (A 2007 *Sports Illustrated* article on Applied Pharmacy Services stated that Angle received Trenbolone, a steroid used on livestock. Angle claims he was prescribed steroids for his various injuries.) He was soon released by the WWE. It's been reported that the WWE was concerned about his painkiller addiction and offered rehab, which Angle refused. Angle denies it was offered; a WWE spokesman says the company can't comment because of Health Information Privacy (HIPAA) rules.

Instead of taking time off after his release, Angle signed with TNA. "He was a personal and physical wreck at the time," says Dixie Carter, president of TNA. "I just had to get to a point where I was comfortable with what he was saying. Once I felt that, I was good to go."

Angle legitimized the upstart company, immediately headlining pay-per-views. He also got his wife

a job as an on-camera personality. However, working together put more strain on their marriage, and she filed for divorce. It was later revealed that she was dating TNA's cofounder, the wrestler Jeff Jarrett. "I wasn't as mad at Karen," Angle says. "I was more upset with Jeff." Jarrett and Karen went on leave. Angle went into a tailspin.

In August 2009, Angle was arrested for harassment after his then-girlfriend, the former TNA wrestler Tennesha Biggers, claimed he was stalking her. (He was also arrested for DUI in March 2011 in North Dakota and in September 2011 in Virginia; the latter DUI charge was dropped.) "She was squatting in my house," Angle says. "She wanted me to give her money to leave. Three days later, she went to the police and told them I beat her up." All charges were dropped, but the case damaged his reputation. "People thought I did some of that stuff," he says. "It made me realize that you can't be angry. I was done being mad at Karen and Jeff."

Within months, Karen and Jarrett were back at TNA, and while Jarrett and Angle feuded on television,

they've become friends outside the ring. "We have a great relationship, and [fiancée] Giovanna and Karen are buddies, too," Jeff Jarrett says. Jarrett was preparing to drive from Tennessee to Pittsburgh with Karen and the kids (Jarrett has three children from his late wife) for Angle's birthday. "It's all good. It's like a reality show without the cameras."

Kurt Angle proposed to Giovanna outside a jewelry store in Pittsburgh. They plan to marry sometime in the spring, but there'll be no honeymoon because of Angle's training. "I feel bad for my fiancée because sometimes I'm so consumed with what I do," he says. "A girl like Giovanna deserves to be put on a pedestal."

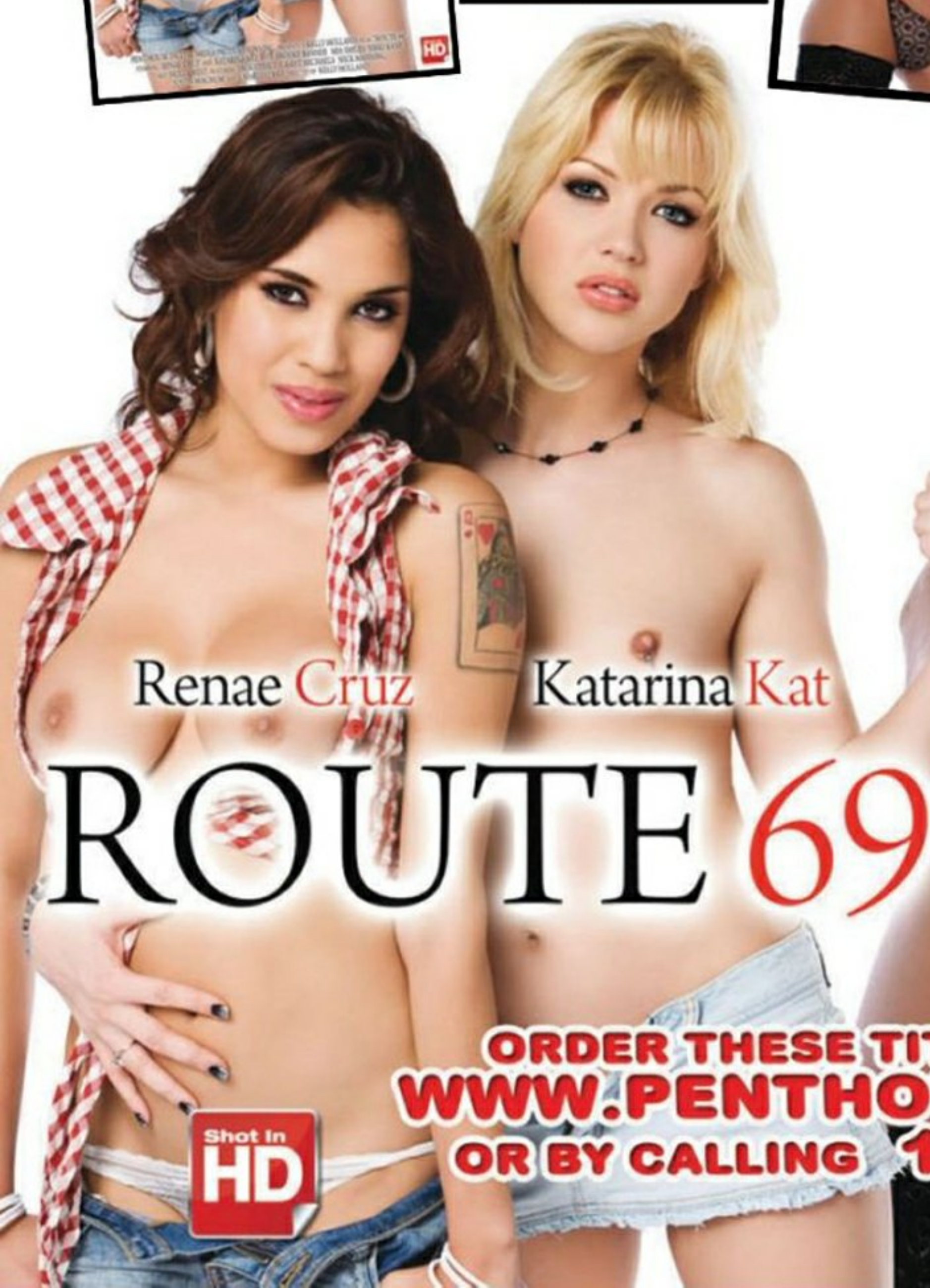
Although he's signed long-term with TNA, Angle doesn't expect to wrestle into his fifties and sixties like Hulk Hogan and Ric Flair did. He says he's invested wisely and could retire today. Angle Foods, he explains, is his future. He's also dabbled in acting, snagging a role in last year's well-received *Warrior*, and he recently auditioned for a part in a Tom Cruise film. But that's not enough to redeem his image. "The Olympics are something I have to do," Angle says, stressing his gratitude to TNA for the time off. "It's my redemption. It's to show I'm not what people think I am."

He also needs to heed his competitive streak. "I'm still not satisfied with what I've accomplished," Angle says. "It's a hard thing to say. I'm considered one of the greatest pro wrestlers, too, but that's still not good enough."

Even a positive result in Iowa City next month might not be enough, says Angle. "I wouldn't put it past myself to try out for the next Olympics, too." OT

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pierce our hearts

Danika Pierce is making a name for herself as a girl-girl performer, but the sultry 20-year-old is smart enough to be planning her future as well. "I love playing with makeup," she tells us, "so I'm planning to go to school soon to study cosmetology. I would love to be a makeup artist." As far as we're concerned, this 34-24-35 beauty is already a successful artist when it comes to inspiring lascivious thoughts—no artifice required.

Photographs by Cisco Lamessi





"My favorite place to vacation is Las Vegas, because you can go completely wild for a few days and no one judges you."



"The most exciting place
I've ever made love is
in the back of a friend's
truck while we were on the
way to the store."





“Deciding when it’s time to make love to a new guy is different every time. What doesn’t change is how I let a man know what I want. I’m very verbal in bed.”







"If I could live the life of anyone else,
it would be my grandma.
She was badass *and* a stripper!"

SEE MORE OF DANIKA AT PENTHOUSE.COM.



CAR LOT COWBOY

Like most of the world, our writer hates used-car salesmen. Luckily for him, a new TV show gave him the chance to get some payback.

By Harmon Leon

While I push the pedal to the metal and head over the speed limit, the salesman steers the conversation toward credit checks and low monthly financing. He's already playing hardball about the car—but that's not really the issue. I'm not sold on *him*.

"What if I pay for the car in cash?" I ask. "Like a suitcase full of cash? Would you come down on the numbers?"

He quickly and curtly says no.

Unbeknownst to him, though, I'm part of a new Spike TV show called *Car Lot Cowboy*. If this salesman wants to dance the tango, well then, we'll dance the tango.

Car Lot Cowboy is like *Kitchen Nightmares*, but instead of restaurants, it's used-car dealerships that get an ass-kicking. The tough love is dished out by auto-sales consultant Tom Stuker—clad in

his trademark black cowboy hat—arguably the greatest car salesman of our time. This blunt-talking sales renegade is a highly sought-after consultant with an arm-long track record for jump-starting stalled businesses—including working with 1,500 struggling auto dealerships. He's a legend in the industry, and has an incomparable way of connecting with people while implementing a strategic way of selling cars.

For the new show, Stuker and his car-sales-savvy team travel to dealerships that are in financial straits due to these tough economic times. Stuker's tough talk might rub dealers the wrong way, but in the end, his keen business sense delivers the signature on the dotted line.

For me, of course, it's even better: I was cast on an episode of *Car Lot Cowboy*. I'm going undercover into a dealership to help measure its ability to deal with customers so Stuker can turn it into a profitable business—in five days. I'm in a crappy motel room in Southern California. The producers have me holed up like someone in

The Car Lot Cowboy
himself, auto-sales
consultant Tom Stuker



If they're supposed to be asking for my business, they're doing it in a very strange way. My first impression: Where the hell are they?



witness protection so the employees at the dealership won't know my face until I walk onto their lot.

"See if they're literally asking for the business," Stuker briefs me, while sitting on a colored bedspread you wouldn't want to see under a black light. "See if they deserve your business, and notice how they're treating you."

"What sort of red flags should I look for?" I ask.

"What's the first impression you get from a salesperson? How does he introduce himself?" Stuker responds, explaining that a good salesman can close the deal within the first 90 seconds by making a good impression, as the customer will be more forgiving if he makes mistakes. "If the guy comes up to you on the lot and is wearing dark sunglasses or is on a cellphone, that just shows disrespect."

This particular dealership can't afford to be disrespectful. A tarnished drive down its road of one-star Yelp reviews tells the sorry tale:

"The customer service here is

HORRIBLE and FULL of LIES."

"While my boyfriend and I were discussing the prices, the salesperson was texting and watching sports news online."

"As I walked in the entrance, I made eye contact with one of the gentlemen and he looked down immediately, like not wanting to help."

Stuker tells me the golden rule of used-car sales: "The customer is most important!" He continues, "Here's another thing: If he offers you a test-drive, I want to see if he asks you for your driver's license. That's one of my pet peeves with these guys." Before I head out, Stuker adds, "Good luck, and don't sign any papers."

Time to dance the tango!

Wired with a microphone, I head toward some cars that look right off the set of *The Fast and the Furious*. A camera crew encircles the lot, capturing my every move. I kick tires (that's what you do to a used car, right?) and impatiently wait for a salesman to get off his ass. If they're supposed to be asking for my business, they're doing it in a very strange way. My first impression: Where the hell are they? I'm left wandering around like an extra on

AMC's *The Walking Dead*. Playing to the cameras, I exaggerate craning my neck, giving my best "I would like some damn help!" look. The guy sitting at a desk inside the office must see me parading among his cars. (I think he's eating yogurt.) Fed up, I storm into the ivory tower and encounter a room full of "green peas" (sales newbies) lounging in chairs. My first 90 seconds is spent begging for help from a lethargic salesman who's dressed in a suit that looks like it came from the mission, served with a free bowl of soup.

Finally, I cut to the chase: "I'm looking for the 2007 Chevrolet Cobalt SS Supercharged that I saw on your website."

At this point, I'm supposed to pay attention to how the salesman introduces himself. Instead, the Man Whose Name I Don't Know slinks off to get the keys.

We walk toward the Cobalt in stony silence until I blurt, "What's with all the cameras?" Trying to throw off my undercover scent, I add, "Are you guys filming a TV commercial?"

"It's for a reality show," says the salesman.

When the salesman puts the key into the door of the Cobalt, the car alarm goes off. (Is it professional to make your customer scream like a scared little girl?) Flustered, he pirouettes around the car, trying to make the noise stop.

"Can you push down the lock on your side?" the salesman frantically asks.

"Will this happen every time I get into my car?" I question with faux concern. My journey has already turned into a Chris Farley movie in which the bumbling salesman accidentally gets his tie caught in the car door as I drive away.

After the alarm debacle, I opt for a muscle machine that looks as if it was last driven in *The Fast and the Furious: Tokyo Drift*. The salesman fires up the engine. More trouble in used-car paradise: "We'll need to get some gas first."

I give the cameras a double take. Are these guys making this up as they go along? I'm pretty damn sure that having gas in a vehicle on the lot is covered in Used Car Sales 101.



Our intrepid reporter at the dealership, kicking tires and taking names



Impatiently, I bark, "I'm in a hurry. I don't have time to get gas. Can we just look at some other cars that might already have gasoline?" I back away to make the salesman tap dance harder.

"If you're going to test-drive the car, I need to make a copy of your license," the salesman tells me after smoothing things out, dodging Stuker's pet peeve by stepping up his professionalism. Minutes later, I'm behind the wheel of the muscle car, wildly revving the engine like Marty McFly, ready to go back to the future. Purposely, I start the beast in third gear. It comes to a jumping halt in the lot. "Whoopsie!"

Somehow, the issue of making a copy of my driver's license has been forgotten. Stuker's peeve is beyond a liability issue; as he explains, "A handful of salespeople each year get hijacked because a stupid salesperson doesn't bother to make a copy of the driver's license." The theory is, a no-goodnik would think twice about hijacking the car if his photo ID is sitting on the dealer's desk.

But more pressing concerns are on this salesman's plate: "So, after we take the car for a test-drive, we'll come back and run a credit check and see if you qualify."

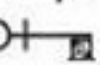
"Huh?"

Before we've even pulled out of the lot, the salesman is moving in for the close. How does that make me feel? Like a girl on a first date who's been asked by the guy if we'll fuck later, mere moments after meeting my parents. Credit-check talk should be done after the customer is won over by both the salesman and the car, not on the way out of the lot.

I open up the *Tokyo Drift* machine on the streets, gears grinding as I shift. In Stuker's world, the salesman would be driving for the first part, to point out features that will push my buttons. Halfway, he should switch seats with me to give me mental ownership of the car. Then he should move in to close the deal, a signal we're on the right path to a decision.

Instead, this salesman's main concern is determining whether I'm a player who's ready to lay down cash or a roach with bad credit. His rush makes him come across as too hungry.

Then he puts the hammer down and gives me a vibe that says, *If you're not going to buy a car—right this very moment—fuck off!*

A great salesman can trigger the customer's brain to say, *I like this guy; I want to buy a car from him.* You can buy a car anywhere, but the right salesman can't be found at any other locale. It looks like Tom Stuker and his Car Lot Cowboys have their work cut out for them at this dealership. Let's hope they at least teach the salespeople the importance of having gas in their cars. 

Sucker Punches

Want to avoid being taken for a ride at the car lot? Watch out for these scams when buying new or used.

1. THE "AS IS" WRECKED-CAR SCAM

This is one of the oldest tricks in the book. The dealer patches up a totaled vehicle and sells it "as is." When the car goes down the crapper, he hides behind the "as is" clause.

Avoidance technique: Never buy a used car "as is" without a 30-day warranty.

2. THE LOWERED-PAYMENT SCAM

The dealer says he's lowered the monthly payment on your loan; all you have to do is re-sign. Sounds great, doesn't it? What he really did was *increase* the interest rate and hide the fact by spreading out your loan from, say, 48 months to 72 months.

Avoidance technique: Make sure you're sent the terms to review, and—duh—review them.

3. BOGUS WARRANTY REQUIREMENTS

The dealer tells you that the bank requires extended-warranty coverage as part of the loan.


Avoidance technique: Ask the dealer to put that in writing. That should make him back off.

4. BAIT AND SWITCH

This is another classic. An online deal seems too good to be true. When you get to the lot, they say the car has already been sold but they have a similar vehicle at a higher price.

Avoidance technique: Be wary when any ad features only one specific vehicle at an amazing price. Call the dealership ahead of time to verify the price and availability of the vehicle.

5. THE TRADE-IN SCAM

You still owe money on the loan for your trade-in vehicle. The dealer says he'll pay off the loan as part of the trade-in, then doesn't. With the loan in your name, you're still responsible for the payments even though you no longer have the car. **Avoidance technique:** If possible, pay off your loan before trading in your vehicle. If you can't, get it in writing that the dealer will pay off the loan within ten days. 

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

Whether you're looking for tips to improve your performance between the sheets, answers to a question or two, or help with an issue you can't take to even your most trusted friend, our expert can help. It's time to get schooled.

By Martin Downs, M.P.H.

GUTTER MINDS

Do men really think about sex constantly?

Yes—except when they're thinking about work, kids, traffic, weather, bills, politics, danger, friends, food, internet memes, ambitions, regrets, conundrums, etc.

In 2011, some clever researchers at Ohio State University tested the old myth that men think about sex “every seven seconds.” They asked a group of college students to tally their every sexual thought, using a handheld clicker, over the course of a week. A sexual thought was defined as “any thought about intercourse, oral sex, masturbation, nudity, sexual desire, sexual fantasies, foreplay, sexual memories, erotic images, or other sexually arousing stimuli.”

On average, the men had 19 sexual thoughts per day; the women averaged 10. For men, that would be about one sexual thought per waking hour. The most often any guy in the study thought about sex was

roughly three times per hour.

Now, I know what you're thinking: These were *college students*.

Their minds would have been too wrapped up in the Great Books and wholesome sporting pursuits to be troubled by sexual thoughts very often. Yeah, right.

If anything, 19 sexual thoughts a day is a high figure. Think about it. These guys were surrounded by hot young flesh and potential hookups all the time (in the dorms, in class, at parties, in the bars). They probably had *Penthouse* pictorials tacked up all over their frat houses. What's more, they were probably approached at least a couple of times a day by campus activists handing out free condoms and such.

If sex is in your face constantly, and you have plenty of leisure time, you're going to think about sex a lot. The researchers really should do the same study with working dads and moms. They probably wouldn't need to bother giving out all those tally counters. I think most

of those people would be able to keep count with their fingers.

Although the news media went wild over the debunking of the every-seven-seconds myth, no one paid attention to the most important thing that the researchers found: The difference they observed between men and women was not that big. But there was a huge difference related to a person's feelings about sex. Regardless of gender, those with the most positive attitudes toward sex also had the most sexual thoughts.

If your sexual thoughts are happy ones, it makes sense that you'd indulge in them; and if you feel uneasy about sex, you'd avoid thinking about it.



DIY DON'TS

My cousin did some time and just got out on parole. He told me that while he was locked up, he implanted some beads under the skin of his penis—to give the ladies extra pleasure when he got out, he said. He punched the holes in his skin and put the beads in himself, after another guy showed him how to do it. Have you heard of this before? Could it cause long-term problems?

I can't believe I even have to say it, but poking holes in your dick is not a good idea. This takes me back to middle school, when boys pierced their own ears with paper clips in the bathroom to show how badass they were. I also seem to recall that a number of them got infected earlobes. There's a good likelihood of infection when you puncture your skin with something that isn't sterile, or if the skin around the puncture isn't sterile. If your coz's penis healed without infection, he's lucky.

In the long term, there is potential for chronic pain caused by scarring, especially if he poked through more than the skin and damaged any of the layers of tissue that sheathe the organ. The beads also might not stay put where he wants them, as they have a tendency to wander around under the skin. Another long-term consequence he might not have considered is that the ladies don't all enjoy that studded sensation. The beads could chafe more women than they please.

DIY penile “beading”—or “pearling,” as it's known—appears to be the latest fad in America's correctional system: Just in the past year, at least two medical journals have run case reports of convicts who attempted it and needed emergency medical care for their inflamed, oozing members.

Pearling is perhaps most famously done by members of the Japanese mafia—which is why the beads are often called “yakuza beads.” Supposedly, a yakuza member implants a bead for every year he's spent in prison.

Not everyone with a beaded dick is a convict or a gangster, though. Some professional body-art practitioners who perform genital piercing also do pearling. Whereas prisoners will use whatever happens to be on hand—filed-down domino pieces, according to one case report—the pros use materials that don't react inside the body, like silicone, stainless steel, and titanium. They also work with sterile tools under sterile conditions.

If all your convict friends are doing it, and you just can't resist peer pressure, wait till you get out, then go to a professional cock piercer. You can always tell everyone you did it yourself.





■ MALE RAPE? COULD I BE GUILTY?

I am a 30-year-old woman and I think I raped a male friend of mine. I was madly in love with him, but I'm sure he didn't think of me as more than a friend. He would spend a lot of time at my place hanging out, but he never made a move on me. One night, when we had gotten kind of drunk, I forced myself on him. He just sort of lay there. After he came, he sat on the sofa with his head in his hands. Then he got up and walked out. He avoided me after that, and I haven't talked to him since. I feel awful about this—but would you call it rape?

Make no mistake: A man can be raped by a woman. Any sex without consent is rape, regardless of the perpetrator's gender.

Laws used to define rape as a crime committed only by males. But since 1986, U.S. federal law has redefined rape in gender-neutral terms, allowing for the possibility that a woman could rape a man. All but three states (Georgia, Mississippi, and Idaho) have gender-neutral rape laws on the books.

No one knows how common rape of men by women is. Until recently, only the rape of females was counted in national statistics, because the FBI defined rape as "the carnal knowledge of a female forcibly and against her will." In January of this year, the bureau revised its definition to include "any gender of victim or perpetrator," and cases in which a victim is not capable of consenting to sex "because of temporary or permanent mental or physical incapacity, including due to the influence of drugs or alcohol or because of age."

Even with this change, it will be hard to say with certainty how many men are raped by women. It's estimated that only 10 to 20 percent of women who are raped report it. Men may be much less likely to report a rape. Many people—even some advocates for victims of sexual assault—don't believe that a woman can rape an adult man. A "blame the victim" mind-set still prevails. Some basic misconceptions about men make the idea of female-on-male rape hard for some people to accept.

First and foremost is the belief that it's physically

impossible, because a man couldn't get an erection unless he was willing. That's simply false. An erection is an involuntary physical response. Any guy who has ever tried desperately to will away an embarrassing boner knows that. The dick will respond to sexual stimuli, whether its owner wants it to or not. Sometimes high anxiety and even fear can provoke an erection.

Ejaculation can also happen involuntarily, in response to any intense emotion, including fear, anger, and pain. It's actually common for men to not only get hard, but also come during a sexual assault. That can be confusing and humiliating for the victim. It has also caused a lot of trouble for prosecutors trying male-rape cases in court. Everyone assumes that if the victim came, he must have enjoyed it. Not so. The parts of the nervous system that control sexual response don't always agree with the thinking part of the brain.

We're also living in a culture that sees a horny beast inside every man. As such, "no" from a man never means "no." Ironically, that's the same stereotype that has long been used to justify

or deny the rape of women. Until about 200 years ago, learned men of science and religion agreed that the female sex was insatiable by nature. In truth, men and women both are randy creatures. But even the most lustful people can say "no" and mean it.

Another misconception is that men are unemotional about sex. For women, the sex act is supposed to be deeply personal and emotionally fraught, whereas men aren't supposed to attach much meaning to the deed itself. So it's assumed that sexual assault by a woman shouldn't be traumatic for a man. That's a gross misunderstanding of how rape can traumatize a person. It's not all about the sex.


More often than not, rape is a way for someone to assert power over and degrade their victim. A guy might have a totally casual attitude about sex, as long as he feels that he's in control of himself. But if he's put in a situation where a sexual act is something *happening* to him, and it's out of his control, sex can take on a whole other, terrible emotional dimension.

Instead of sex, think of how you feel about hugs. A

friendly hug is no big deal. You hug your mom, your kids, aunts and uncles, your friends, even the guy next to you at the game when your team wins.

Now imagine someone hugs you ... and doesn't let go. Suddenly you feel a little weird. When you try to break away, the hug tightens into a bone-crushing bear hug. Now you're a bit frightened. You think, *Why is this happening? When will it end? What should I do?* You might get angry and fight back, or you might just freeze up. Afterward, you feel violated. But you hug people all the time, and now you're upset about a hug? Get over it. That's how a man who is raped might feel.

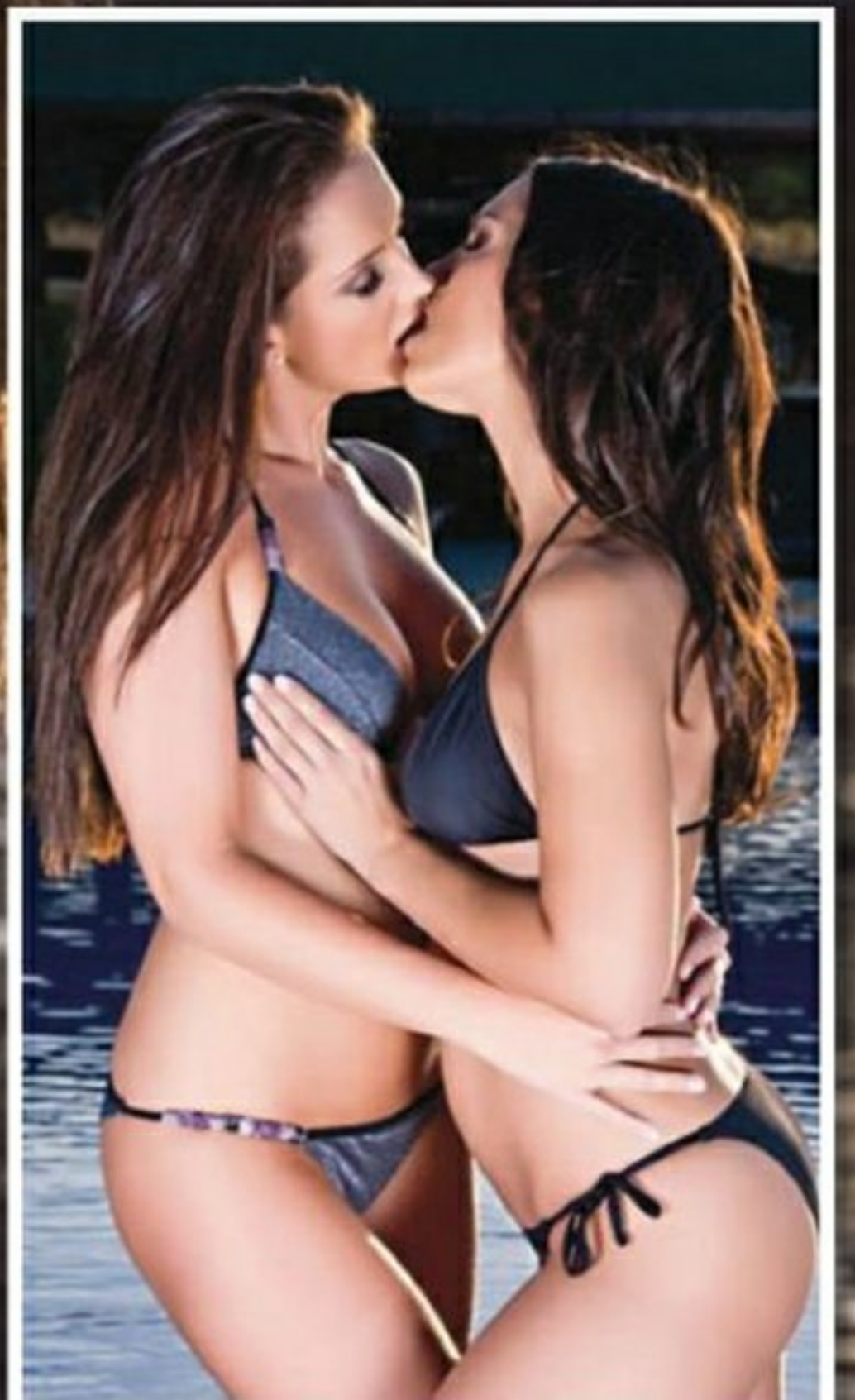
Whether or not what you did to your friend that night was rape depends on how he experienced it. Maybe he had complicated feelings about you that he couldn't deal with. Maybe he was willing, but then had an oh-my-God-I-can't-believe-I-just-fucked-her moment. Consenting adults can have sex and regret it immediately.

Then again, you may be right. If you were a man who forced yourself on a drunken female friend, few would hesitate to call it rape. 

bikini babes

We here at *Penthouse* like swimsuit issues as much as the next guy, but let's be honest: The best way to improve a sexy girl in a bikini is to take off the bikini. Or, double the pleasure. Here, with the help of Sandra Shine and Eve Angel, we do both, enhancing their pleasure—and ours.

Photographs by Viv Thomas















SEE MORE OF SANDRA AND EVE AT PENTHOUSE.COM.





TURMARD

I tell Mrs. Bryce-Graham, known to her friends as just Anna, "Thank you." She shushes me, tells me she's glad to help, and hangs up. I put a check next to her name on the donation list and smile gratefully at the promised amount.

I've known Anna for more than ten years now, but I'm still a little in awe of her: her very important job, her very extensive knowledge of recipes for anything and everything, her very elegant clothes that go so well with her very stylish haircut. Her unfailing, unpretentious generosity. If princesses existed in the modern world and held poli-sci degrees and raised model children, that would be Anna.

Not like me, sitting around in my sweats, grateful my kids are at their grandmother's for a week so I can get caught up on the piles of tests I have yet to grade, on the overdue deadlines to the magazine I supposedly freelance for, on the Humane Society fund-raising I promised to do, and maybe, just maybe, even clean this mess of a house. I shuffle aside some books and a plate of toast crumbs and wince at the thought of Anna's always-spotless kitchen. Why is spring break only one week?

The phone rings and, without looking, I pick it up and click the TALK button, still contemplating the woefully short donation list. I put the receiver to my ear and forget to say hello in the shock of hearing Anna's voice. Except ... *is* that Anna?

Yes. Muffled as if the phone is in her purse, background driving noise like before, but still recognizable. Except ... except ...

"... swear to you, Sir. I haven't." The words make no sense, not from my friend, the *Ladies' Home Journal* poster child. I hear rustling and a thump, as if phone and purse and all have fallen or been dropped on the floor.

Sounding distant, a male voice replies, one that I recognize with another jolt of shock as David Bryce-Graham's—only like I've never heard it before, deep and dangerous and tinged with lazy amusement.

"I don't believe you, Anna."

I hear a stifled sound. A feminine moan through clamped lips. Like me, when Clint and I are fucking and trying not to be loud. I know what I'm hearing, but I refuse to comprehend.

More rustling.

Then: "These give you away," David says, laughter in his voice. And even more dangerously: "You have been thinking about her, darling. You want to fuck her, don't you?"

My brain is so busy reeling from the idea of hearing David Bryce-Graham using the F word like that to his wife, to Anna, that I almost miss her very soft, "Yes, Sir."

"*Hmm.* That's what I thought." A pause. "You know, I think I'm going to have to pull over."

"No, Sir!"

"Oh, yes." He laughs.

By A.D.R. Forte ❖ Illustrations by Charlene Chua



My conscience screams at me to hang up, hang up now. I shouldn't be hearing this, I don't want to be hearing this! My cheeks are burning, I want to crawl under the table and hide, and already I know I'm never going to be able to look either of them in the eye again. Not without embarrassment and guilt written all over my face.

But instead of hanging up, I fumble for the MUTE button, reluctant to take the phone away from my ear for even a moment. Once I'm sure the MUTE is on, I press the button for SPEAKER and

it down if she's not at work.

"It's so cold, David," she says, voice shaking. Pleading.

"Your own fault, darling. If you hadn't been wearing that damned bra, you wouldn't have had to take it off."

Oh, God, he's got her top off, and her bra. I squeeze my eyes shut and try not to let my imagination color in the picture of her bare round breasts, nipples puckered from the cold. Is he touching them? Playing with her?

I fidget on the smooth wooden seat of the kitchen chair.

Kellie to do, darling?"

Oh, God. No. No!

She doesn't answer, and I'm thanking all the angels and saints when I hear the first slap. She gasps and I jump. Then another slap. The sounds are remote but unmistakable.

The sound of a palm hitting flesh in the only logical place he can possibly be hitting her. This ... this is too much. My brain should have shorted out a long time ago. What's wrong with me? Why am I still listening? Because I want to know what she wants me to do?

My hand holding the phone is sweating and I'm fighting not to imagine her tongue licking at my wetness, her hands tied behind her back. Something out of the porn sites I've secretly stared at.

sit listening to the purr of the engine until there's silence.

He's made good on his threat; they've stopped. A sound that I guess is seat belts being taken off.

"What if someone comes by?" she asks, sounding almost like the educated, unruffled woman I know.

"There's nobody but cows around for ten miles, love."

"But ..."

"Out of the car now, Anna!"

I jump and can almost feel her heart hammering as she opens the door. I wonder if it's fear for her, or pleasure. Or both. Some ashamed little part of me longs to know.

I hear shoes crunch on gravel.

"It's cold," she protests, her voice fainter as she gets out of the SUV, and I hold my breath so I don't miss a word.

"A hot little slut like you shouldn't mind," David says. "Now take your jacket off and turn around."

With her delicate frame, Anna doesn't like the cold, and it's in the 50s outside. I shiver for her.

"Here's good enough." His tone is forgiving, just a little, and his voice sounds closer. "Put your hands on the door frame. That's right."

Vague rustles and movement. Her voice in small sounds of denial, or maybe excitement.

"You are lovely like this."

Like this? Chewing on my thumbnail, I'm dying to know what "this" is. I picture her shoulder-length brown hair loose, because she usually wears

"May I keep my skirt on, Sir?" she asks, not daring to hope. I hold my breath and listen again.

"Yes, you may. But you're going to pull those wet little panties down ... that's far enough.... Now lift your skirt up higher.... That's it. Ass up. Stick it out like a good slut.... Perfect. Hands on the door frame.... Good."

I give up. Eyes closed, I can see her standing there on some deserted country road, holding on to the passenger-side doorway of the Escalade, naked from the waist up, panties around her knees, gooseflesh on her arms and legs and bare ass, David's tall frame standing behind her to shelter her a little from the wind. Commanding her.

This is so beyond all that's wrong and unacceptable, but it's too late to back out now. I hear David's voice, cajoling, reprimanding.

"What do you think Kellie would say if she could see you like this?"

I want to yell "*What?*" at the top of my voice. I stare at the phone, squeezing the receiver so hard it's in danger of slipping out of my grasp. Me? What do I have to do with this? It can't ... he couldn't have meant ...

"You'd like her to, wouldn't you?"

I don't know what reply she gives him, and I don't want to know. I don't. I don't!

David laughs. "Such a bad girl, having such dirty thoughts about her friends." He does something to her and she moans. "What else would you like

He says, "I'm still waiting for an answer."

"Please ..."

"Answer me, slut. What do you want Kellie to do to you?"

"Nothing, Sir."

Another slap, louder than before, and she cries out sharply. I wince.

"Nothing?"

"Nothing! I want ... I want to ..." She's sobbing to get the words out as he slaps her ass again.

"What, Anna?" Slap. "What filthy little fantasies has your pretty mind conjured up? I want to know."

"K ... Kellie ... I want to lick her cunt. I want her ... to use me. While I'm tied up."

I can't hear what he says. Approval, I suppose. Doesn't matter, because I'm dying of shame. My hand holding the phone is sweating, and I'm shaking like one of my fourth-graders caught cheating on a test.

I'm fighting not to imagine the scene she's just described. Her sleek, soft hair falling on my open thighs. Her pretty, pouty lips on my clit, tongue licking at my wetness. Her hands tied behind her back. Something out of the porn sites I've found on Clint's laptop and secretly stared at, dry-mouthed and wide-eyed.

But as hard as I fight my conscious thought, my body betrays me. My clit is throbbing, and the seam of my pants rubs me like a knowing finger as Anna continues her confession, as David delivers her penance, slap by slap.



"I want her to come on my face. I want to hear her moan."

"The way you moan for me?"

"Yes," she replies and he slaps her hard. She cries out again.

"What else?"

"I... I want to finger her. I want her to fuck me."

"Slut." He laughs. "You want Kellie's pretty fingers to fuck you? Like this?"

She gasps and I can imagine his fingers plunging in and out of her pussy. Rubbing her pink ass.

"Yes. Yes, oh, God, please!"

She's so close. I know it. I can feel her rising, the throbbing in her clit and her belly. Then he slaps her again. She groans. Pain and pleasure.

"David, please!"

"What is it, slut?"

"Please. Please. I need to come!" She's begging.

"You know the only way you get to come when you're being punished."

"Yes," she sobs. "Yes."

Silence.

I put the phone down and put both hands over my mouth. Shivering, like her, I wait. Except that she knows her fate, which must make it so much worse. Is she thinking about me? Imagining me touching her as David punishes her?

I tell myself I'm sick for the powerful, excited flood of feeling between my legs, as I think of being treated in

kind for my thoughts about her. For my pride and perversion in knowing that Anna—beautiful, perfect Anna—wants me. Like that.

At the crack of renewed slaps, I jump. My thighs tense inward, rubbing pants seam against clit as I hear her scream. At every blow she gasps, and I can hear her moaning, crying in earnest now.

Slowly, my lust- and shock-addled brain puts it together. He's not slapping her, not with that rhythmical *swish* and *hiss* and *thwack*. He's spanking her with something. A belt? Or something worse? My stomach thrills cold.

I can see her writhing in the doorway, the shock of each blow filling her clit, filling her cunt with painful vibration. Closer and closer, her ass pure pain but her clit sweet, throbbing agony. Her cries become strangled, breathless. I know she's there.

And then the unbearable rhythm stops. Ragged panting. Perhaps he's kissing her now, caressing her breasts, or maybe her ass. Milking the last of her orgasm from her hot flesh.

She whispers a word. I think it sounds like "David." Right now, I'd give anything to see them like that. Master and lady fair.

Fingers shaking, I reach out and press TALK once more. The LCD winks out and the silence of my own ordinary house fills my ears. I'm still shaking, torn with desire and the urge to pull my sweatpants down and finish myself off.

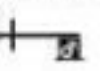
What feels like hours is barely a minute before I give in. I wriggle out of the pants and I've just kicked off my own wet panties when I hear a sound behind me. Heart beating loud enough to burst my eardrums, I spring to my feet and turn around. Clint walks into the room. Face red, jeans bulging deliciously.

"How much did you hear?" I blurt.

"Enough," he says after a minute, after he's looked me over. My nipples poking through the baggy sweatshirt, my bare legs and bare pussy, fragrant with desire and the evidence of my guilty voyeur's pleasure. I've never needed a fuck so badly, but he makes no move to undo his fly.

And suddenly I wonder.

Clint gives me a really wicked grin.

"Turn around," he says. 

"Turnaround," by A.D.R. Forte, from *Hurts So Good*, edited by Alison Tyler. Published by Cleis Press, 2011.

Not Home Alone

This horny house sitter gets a lot more out of his job than a free place to crash.

As told to Ronnie Koenig

I was in a bad place when a friend suggested I try house-sitting. I was three months past due on my rent, I'd just broken up with my girlfriend, and my gigs as a classical musician paid even less than my shitty waiter job. The thought of staying in someone else's house didn't appeal to me at first, but "Julie" assured me that the people she knew who were in need of someone—the parents of one of her friends—had a place I would find more than adequate. When I got off the train in the Hamptons and walked to the address I'd written down on the back of a receipt, I felt like I'd won the lottery. The house was on a quiet cul-de-sac, and had five bedrooms, an in-ground pool, flat-screen TVs in every room, and a hot tub. The owners were planning to travel for two months and didn't want to leave the house empty. Since I look like a completely upstanding young man, it didn't take long for them to decide that I would be a responsible house sitter.

My first night at the house, I went to a popular lounge known for celebrity sightings and expensive cocktails. I spent most of the evening talking to two hot brunettes. "Nadia" was the talkative one with a tight little body and pouty lips. "Tanya" was the quiet one with tits so full that I could see glimpses of her nipples peeking out of



her tight white top. After a few hours, I invited them back to "my" house, which I had told them about earlier.

When the three of us walked in the front door, I momentarily worried that they might question me about why I had decorated my home in a cozy, shabby-chic fashion, but the two of them just made a beeline for the master bedroom. I went to the kitchen to get the bottle of vodka I'd noticed in the back of the freezer, but when I returned to the bedroom the girls were already on the bed. Their tops were pulled down and they were kissing passionately, rubbing their tits together. There's no way this was the first time they'd been together.

I was getting hard, but I sat in a chair and watched for a while as

they continued to make out and fondle each other. Once their panties were off, I decided to get in on the action. Taking out my hard cock, I approached the bed. First Nadia took a turn, licking the entire length of my shaft before taking me in as far as she could. Then Tanya pushed her friend away and focused on sucking the tip until I almost came. Instead, I flipped her over and easily pushed my cock into her hole. Nadia got underneath her friend and started playing with her tits, biting Tanya's nipples as I pumped in and out of her. It didn't take me long to come in Tanya's soft pussy, and after I did, she hovered over Nadia's open mouth and I watched my come drip from one wet hole to another.

That house was a great place to




I pulled out and Marie opened her mouth in expectation. Pushed over the edge by the knowledge that I was getting head from my employer's daughter, I shot my load on her pretty face.

bring hookups, but a few weeks in, I got the surprise of my life. I'd just gotten out of the shower and was walking nude to the fridge for a drink when I heard a key in the door. A petite blonde walked in, dropped her bags, and screamed. There was nothing within reach but a dish towel, so I grabbed it and covered my crotch. "Who the fuck are you?" I asked. "This is my parents' house. Who the hell are you?" she shot back. After explaining I was the house sitter, I went to put on some clothes while she called her parents to confirm.

"Sorry about that," she said when we were both back in the kitchen. I told her that she was welcome to stay in one of the other bedrooms while I was there. "Marie" just smiled and told me to move my things into one of the guest bedrooms. That night, I was in bed reading when I heard her come in at three o'clock. I heard some movement in the kitchen, then nothing, so eventually I turned off the light and went to sleep. The next thing I knew, a warm, soft body was sliding up against my back. Before I could turn around, a hand reached around, grabbed my cock, and started stroking it. "I want you to come for me," Marie said, pushing her tits into my back. I let her have her way for a few minutes before sitting up. I led Marie off the bed and had her kneel in front of me. Holding her long blonde hair in my hand so I could see her face, I

watched as she took me into her mouth and sucked and sucked. Just as I was about to come, I pulled out and Marie opened her mouth in expectation. Pushed over the edge by the knowledge that I was getting head from my employer's daughter, I shot my load on her pretty face. She was really turned on by that, and she started touching herself. Marie bringing herself to a really intense orgasm, her face scrunching up, still sticky with my come, was a beautiful sight.

The most recent house-sitting gig I had was in Manhattan. Not only did I pretend that the awesome town house belonged to me, I threw a small party. In fact, it was only four people: me, two guys I know, and a girl one of them was dating. "Renee's" boyfriend held the video camera while "Steve" and I took turns with her. Anal isn't usually part of my repertoire, but this girl was totally uninhibited and seemed really into it. She put her face down on the floor and her ass in the air, her hands spreading her asshole open as we took turns plunging in and out of her. I know that the video of that night could cost me jobs if it ever fell into the wrong hands, but I can't resist watching it over and over. Seeing my come and my buddy's come spilling out of that woman's ass may be the greatest thing I've ever seen.

I'm sure I could still get girls if I wasn't a house sitter, but it wouldn't be as much fun. 







take it all off

Twenty-one-year-old Karina White is a self-described “good girl gone bad,” but as these pictures prove, the only thing bad here is Karina’s badass attitude, and that’s all good.

Photographs by Preston Geoffrey Parker



"I love working as an adult model. I get to be a different person every day, and it's very exciting to meet a new guy and then have sex with him for a job."



"My favorite way to get a workout is definitely sex. When I'm doing a scene and giving it my all, I'm working out my legs and my abs in ways I don't in the gym."





"I have a naughty-teacher fantasy. I love the idea of seducing a male student who's been lusting after me. We would have crazy, naughty-schoolteacher sex until I get caught and lose my job."







"I once made love at my old high school, outside on a bridge overlooking the whole town. To this day, I wonder if they had cameras that captured what we did. If so, it must have been a hell of a show for my old principal."

SEE MORE OF KARINA AT PENTHOUSE.COM.



FUCK THE COOK

When Jeff and I bought our house, I couldn't wait to move in. We'd both been in cramped apartments for so long, and moving into our own house was something we'd fantasized about for years. All the additional closet space, the big living room, the backyard, the fireplace—I'd wanted them all for so long. But most of all, I was excited about the kitchen. I love to cook and bake, and having a full kitchen, with ample counter space and cabinets, was a dream come true.

Jeff liked to joke that I was more in love with that kitchen than with him, and sometimes he wasn't far off. It was an amazing setup, and whenever I had some spare time, I was working on new recipes or just enjoying all the space I had to work in.

One Sunday afternoon, I was in my new kitchen, cleaning up after making brunch for friends we'd invited over. They'd gone home, and I was loading the dishwasher and putting things away. Jeff came in as I was finishing up. I had just dropped the last pot in the sink to soak when he wrapped his arms around my waist and began to kiss the sweet spot behind my ear. He knew exactly how to get my attention, and my hands curled around the edge of the sink as his delicate kisses made my pulse race.

He trailed kisses up and down my neck, making me moan, and then he spun me around in his arms so he could kiss me squarely on the mouth. His lips were hot and hard against mine, and when his tongue begged for entrance, I eagerly opened my mouth to let him in. Jeff kissed me passionately, his tongue tangling with mine as he pushed me back against the sink and pressed his body firmly to mine. I wasn't sure where his sudden desire for a make-out session had come from, but I happily kissed him back, twirling my tongue with his and letting my hands wander down to his ass.

We kissed and groped each other for a while, the back of my dress getting wet as my fiancé pressed me against the damp edge of the sink. But before I could complain, he pulled me away from the counter and spun me around again. When I had my back to him, he unzipped my dress and pulled it off without even untying my apron. In seconds, I was standing in front of him in only my bra and thong, my heels, and my apron. Jeff groaned when he took in the sight of me, and he quickly pulled me back into his arms for another searing kiss.



As his mouth claimed mine, I felt his hard-on pressing against my thigh. I knew we were going to fuck before playtime was over, and we were going to fuck in my dream kitchen. I pulled at Jeff's shirt, untucking it from his pants and ripping at the buttons, then moved on to his belt, which I whipped off him like a pro. We didn't stop kissing or fondling each other as I undressed him, but I still had him down to his boxers in record time.

Jeff rubbed my cunt through my tiny panties, while his other hand tweaked my nipples through my apron and bra. Jeff always likes to get me off first, and as soon as he felt the

juices from my pussy begin to leak through the thin material of my thong, he got down on the floor, lifted my apron, and crawled between my legs. He pulled the flimsy panties down and helped me step out of them before diving in. He used his fingers to spread my lips apart, and then thrust his long tongue deep into my cunt. I jumped at the first touch, but a second later I was relaxed and reveling in the sensations he was providing.

He gave me an expert pussy-licking, his tongue fucking my cunt like a small dick and his fingers teasing me and keeping me on edge. It felt amazing, and my fingers clutched at the front of my apron. Jeff brought me to climax in no time, and my legs shook as I came, my juices flooding his mouth and dripping down my thighs.

We weren't done yet, though, and as soon as he'd moved from between my legs, he stood up and pulled me toward the island at the center of the kitchen. He lifted me up and sat me

He unzipped my dress and pulled it off, leaving me standing in only my bra and thong, my heels, and my apron.

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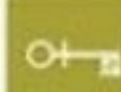
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[penthouse forum]



on one of the stools that ringed the counter, then reached behind me to unclasp my bra. Again, he managed to get me undressed without untying my apron, and he gave my breasts a firm squeeze before he took off his boxers, the last real article of clothing between us.

As soon as he was undressed, he flipped up the front of my apron and moved between my knees. He guided his cock to my wet, open entrance and thrust into me in one smooth stroke. He filled me perfectly, like always, and started to pump his hips immediately. Even though I'd already climaxed once, I felt myself building up to another orgasm, and I bucked against my fiancé as much as our position would allow.

Jeff pounded into me, and he had to hold tight to my hips to keep me in place as the stool rocked beneath me. It was such an exhilarating experience, and I tried to thrust my hips harder against his, wanting to make our fucking feel even more intense. My

hands moved to Jeff's ass, and I fondled and stroked his firm cheeks as he banged into me, urging him on and making him moan loudly.

It didn't take long for him to bring me to climax again, and within five minutes I was wailing in ecstasy, my cries so loud I was sure everyone on our street could hear me. But I didn't care. I hadn't felt an orgasm that strong in my life, and I loved it!

Jeff didn't come when I did. He managed to hold himself together a little longer, and it wasn't until he'd pulled out of my pussy and had me back on the floor that he finally let himself go. He looked into my eyes as he jerked himself off, and when he eventually exploded, he shot his come over the top of my apron to coat my tits. He shot a river of come all over my breasts, and when he was finally spent, my tits looked like they were covered in a thick, sugary glaze.

Jeff joined me on the floor and we sat side-by-side, our backs against the cabinets, as we caught our breath. It was the first time we'd ever had sex in the kitchen—and the first time we'd ever had a kitchen worth having sex in—and it had been incredible. I'd spent years fantasizing about the perfect kitchen for cooking and baking and hosting parties, but the oven wasn't the only thing getting hot in my dream kitchen.—A.C., Tennessee

Jeff gave me an expert pussy-licking, and it felt so amazing that my fingers clutched the apron in excitement.

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■ GETTING FRISKY & FRILLY

When my girlfriend took me home to meet her family, I was expecting an interrogation and all the usual meet-the-parents stuff. What I wasn't expecting was to sleep in her frilly childhood bedroom, still full of stuffed animals and girlie-teenager paraphernalia. My first thought was that a lace factory had thrown up in her doorway. Then I just thanked my lucky stars that she'd outgrown that kind of decorating.

Cassandra's parents were nice enough, and things seemed to be going well, but by the third night of our four-night stay, I was horny as hell and dying to get some action. And the only thing standing in my way was Cassandra's parents. I know we were visiting them, but still, they were always around. And they weren't the kind of parents who went to bed early, either. Her dad was up until at least two every night. It was really cramping my style. They'd been nice enough to let us share a room, but with them always within earshot, there was no way for us to get in the mood. Then they announced that her dad had been invited to a business dinner and he couldn't say no, even though we were in town. We were finally getting some time alone!

As soon as her parents left, Cassandra and I were on each other. We started making out on the couch, but things between us got hot really fast, and we quickly moved to her bedroom. For the first time that weekend, I didn't notice the stuffed animals or lacy comforter and curtains. I was too distracted by my hot girlfriend to notice any of it.

We took off our clothes as soon as her door was closed, jeans and T-shirts quickly dropping to the floor. It took us only a few moments to go from standing and stripping to being horizontal on her frilly bed. Cassandra took control immediately, kissing me and rubbing her body against mine, making me want her even more.

Cassandra didn't waste any time once she had me in bed. She positioned herself over my hips and slid my shaft into her cunt. She was tight and wet, and as she slid onto my cock, I throbbed with want. Before she'd

even gotten all the way down, I thrust into her, filling her with my dick.

My girlfriend is a lot more aggressive than her girlie bedroom would suggest, and she fucked me passionately as I thrust into her. She rode me furiously, her hips moving up and down and in figure eights as she fucked herself closer to orgasm.

We hadn't had sex in days, the longest we'd gone without getting off since we first got together, and it didn't take us long to work ourselves into a frenzy. When it wasn't enough for Cassandra to ride me, we swapped places so I could pound into her. In our new position, it was even easier for us to get all worked up, and we were on the verge of climax within minutes.

I banged into her, holding out as long as I could, and she bucked her hips in time with my fucking. When we finally came, we came together, and Cassandra cried out loudly, begging me not to stop. I did what she asked and pounded into her relentlessly, not stopping until we were both completely spent.

When we finally stopped and rolled over to go to sleep, I realized once again how unbearable the room was. But after having great sex, it seemed just a little easier to tolerate.—J.H., Massachusetts

We swapped places so I could pound into her, and it was even easier to get all worked up. We climaxed within minutes.





SOLO SEDUCTION

I work as a bartender, and I meet a lot of hot guys during my shifts. Sometimes the guys hang out until closing and go home with me, but once in a while the guy who catches my attention can't stick around and I end up going home alone. Last Saturday was one of those nights.

I'd been flirting with a guy who came in early during my shift, but he was there for a friend's bachelor party and had to bounce when his buddies decided to move on to the next bar. He'd taken my number, and I knew he'd call, but that wasn't what I was concerned about. Our flirtations had been pretty intense, and I was really hot and bothered. There was no way I was going to get through the rest of the night without getting off.

As soon as I could, I asked my friend to cover for me and I took my 15-minute break. I made sure no one

I thought about Johnny and pretended it was his hand between my legs, and I found myself getting more aroused.

was watching me, then went downstairs, ducked into one of the bathrooms, and locked the door behind me. The bar was busy, so I knew I didn't have a lot of time. I only had a few minutes to bring myself to climax.

I unzipped my pants, pushed the front of my thong to the side, and started to stroke my pussy. I was already wet from flirting with Johnny, and my fingers slid easily along my slit.

I spread my juices around and then pushed a finger deep inside my pussy. It went in right to the third knuckle, and I thrust it in and out several times before adding a second finger. Two wasn't enough to get the job done, though, and I quickly shoved in a third.

Three fingers thrusting between my pussy lips felt good, and I sped up my movements to intensify the feelings. I started stroking them forward, brushing the tips of my fingers against the wall of my pussy, and each stroke brought me closer to the edge of ecstasy. It still wasn't enough to get me off, though, and I knew I needed to speed things up.

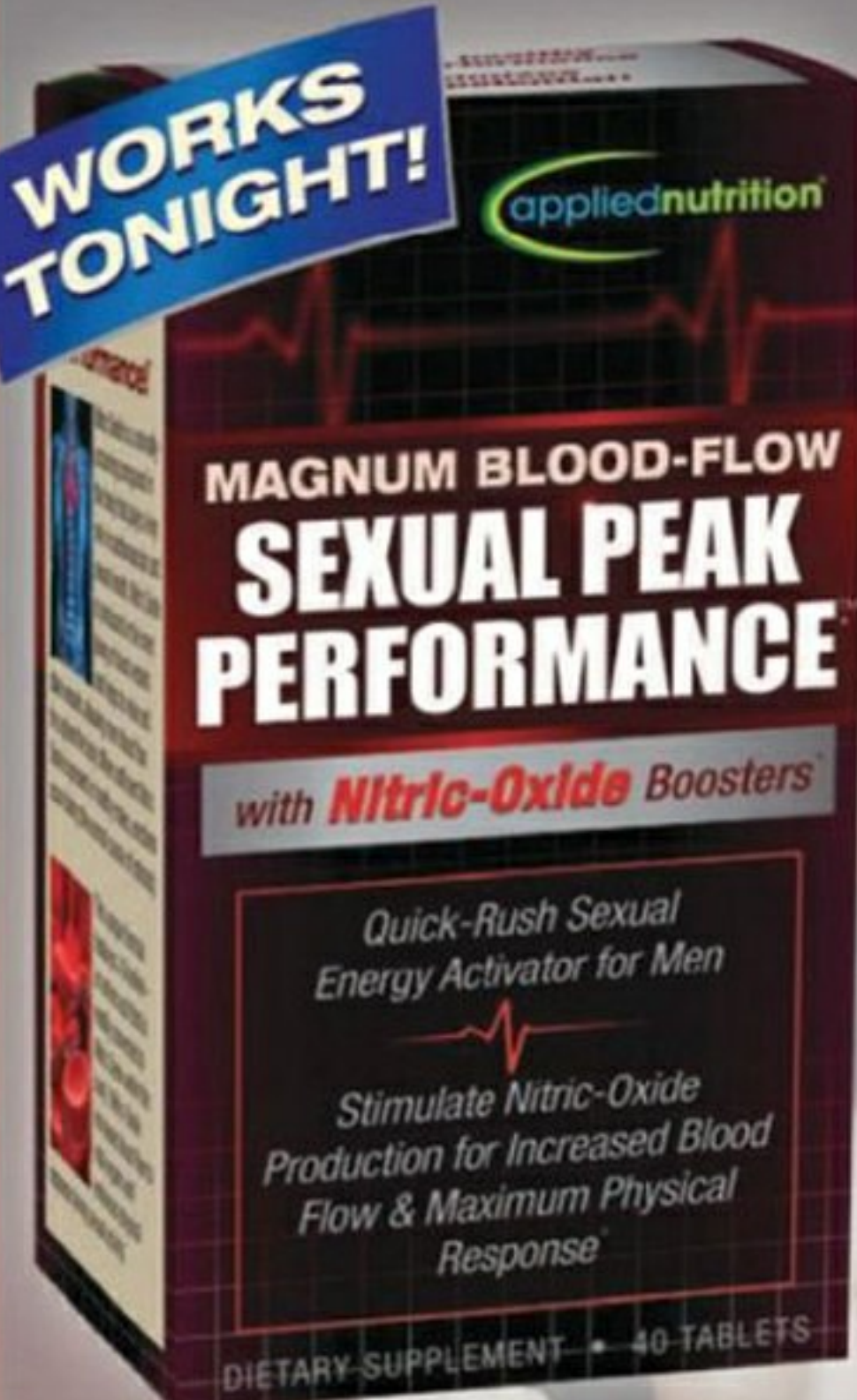
I rubbed my clit as I thrust my digits in and out of my cunt. I thought about Johnny, the cute patron from earlier, and pretended it was his hand between my legs. Fantasizing about Johnny helped, and as I imagined that it was his thick fingers thrusting between my pussy lips, I found myself getting even more aroused.

Once I was focused on the image of Johnny finger-fucking me, it didn't take much to bring myself to climax. After only a few more strokes, I was biting my lip to keep myself from screaming with pleasure. My thumb worked frantically over my clit while my fingers pumped in and out of my cunt, and when I came, I covered my mouth to muffle my moans.

I was back behind the bar in less than ten minutes, all the tension I'd felt after flirting with Johnny gone. I finished my shift without a problem, and the next day, when Johnny called, I was more than ready to take him on.—K.W., Pennsylvania

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MY FIRST NOELLE

As I watched Noelle lie back on the bed, her nipples erect and wet from my ministrations, my pussy throbbed with anticipation and want. I wondered for a second how I'd lucked into this surprise threesome, but there was no way I was passing up the opportunity.

The night had begun with Noelle and I simply going out for a drink after work. It was the first time we'd spent time together outside the office, and now I was fully prepared to go down on a woman for the first time in my life.

When we'd gotten to the bar earlier, we'd run into my friend Emilio. He's nice-looking and built like a Greek god, and as soon as Noelle saw him, I swore she was in lust. It seemed to be mutual, as Emilio couldn't take his eyes off the impressive cleavage revealed by Noelle's low-cut top. Then she turned around and he got a good look at the J. Lo-quality curves of her gorgeous ass, and his eyes practically bugged out of his head. I decided it was time for me to find someone else to talk to.

About half an hour later, Noelle came over to me, rushing through the bar. "Evie, you have to help me," she said. "I'm not a one-night-stand kind of girl, but I really want to go home with Emilio. Will you come with us and hang out for a little while?" A strange request, but I didn't have any better offers. I figured I could have a drink with them before I went home.

We cracked open some beers and sat around Emilio's studio apartment for a little while, with the two of them sitting on the bed and me in a chair next to it. Then Emilio whispered something to Noelle and I got up to leave, assuming they were ready for some privacy, but Noelle reached out and grabbed my hand. "Evie, I'd really like you to stay."

I looked at her, confused, then looked up at Emilio, who had a huge smirk on his face.

"Yeah, Evie," he drawled, "we'd both really like it if you'd stay." When he winked at me, I got the picture.

I looked back at Noelle, who was blushing furiously, but there was no denying the heat in her gaze. I sat down next to her on the bed and she leaned over to kiss me, saying she really wanted me and if I needed a dick, too, she could work with that. I had to laugh at the way she put it, but then her tongue was exploring my mouth, and when our tongues met and started tangling, my pussy began to throb. I was instantaneously horny as hell.



We pulled back and yanked off our tops and bras, rubbing our breasts together. I couldn't resist her D-cups a second longer. She had the kind of tits I've always wanted and lusted after, and I was panting at the idea of making love to them.

I glanced up at Emilio as I took a nipple in my mouth and saw him lean back against the headboard with his dick in his hand. He was stroking himself languidly, running his thumb around the tip each time he got to

the top, and I matched his rhythm on Noelle's nipples, pulling on one with my mouth and the other with my hand.

Noelle was moaning in ecstasy by the time I switched hands and sucked in her other nipple, and after a few more minutes, she was trying to climb into my lap. I leaned back and stood up, pulling her up with me, then I opened her pants and pushed them and her boyshorts down to her ankles. I knelt in front of her to pull them off completely, then ran my hands up the inside of her legs toward her cunt, but I skipped her pussy and grabbed her waist, forcing her back down onto the bed.

Noelle lay back as I leaned over her, sliding one thigh against her dripping cunt. I went back to her tits, fully enjoying the sensation of their swollen flesh overflowing my hands. A lot of guys have used that "more

I looked over at Emilio, catching his eye, and we stared at each other as I licked Noelle's slit for the first time.

A photograph of two women with long brown hair, wearing pink and purple lingerie. One woman is in the foreground, looking at the camera with her tongue out, while the other is behind her, looking over her shoulder. They are both wearing black lace-up corsets.

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than a handful is a waste" line to make me feel better about my B-cups, and now I knew exactly how big a lie that was—for me, anyway. As I worshiped Noelle's tits, I was grinding my thigh against her slit and clit, and she was moaning in ecstasy and writhing on the mattress. I thought I could make her come just by doing that, but I really wanted to eat her out. I moved down her torso toward her cunt, once again bypassing my ultimate target to lick and nibble her inner thighs.

"Please, Evie," she moaned. "I've imagined you between my legs so many times. Please make me come."

I couldn't get over how turned on I was by Noelle's needy request, or her amazing body. I looked over at Emilio again, catching his eye, and we stared at each other as I licked my way up Noelle's slit for the first time, then flicked the tip of my tongue against her clit repeatedly while I slid two fingers into her sopping-wet cunt.

Noelle shook with a tremendous orgasm just a few minutes later, releasing the most delicious cream. I lapped it up, then leaned over toward Emilio and kissed him, sharing the taste with him. I don't know how she moved so fast after such an explosive climax, but before I realized she was no longer beneath me, Noelle had wriggled off the bed and was behind me, caressing my ass and reaching around to grab my tits.

Emilio put his hands on my face, continuing to kiss me, as Noelle whispered, "Your buddy here has had a thing for you for months, you know. About three minutes after you walked away at the bar, we realized the only thing we had in common was how much we both wanted to fuck you, taste you, make you come around our fingers and cock. I hope you don't mind that I lied just a little so we could get our hands on you."

I can't imagine why anyone would think I'd complain about being sandwiched between two bodies that filled me with almost insatiable lust, but by the time I was sitting backward on Emilio's lap, riding his cock as if my life depended on it as Noelle worked my clit with her tongue and teeth, I think they both had a pretty good idea that I was way into the idea.—*E.L., Maine*

■ HANDS-ON ATTENTION

My wife and I had been trying to get pregnant for months, and I was fed up with sex on a schedule, not to mention no oral or anal. It was all-vagina, every time. But until we made a date to go to



the lacy top of her stocking and the clip of her garter belt. Moving my hand up, I quickly discovered that she wasn't wearing panties ... and her cunt was already dripping with her juices.

As I explored Sharon's pussy, she reached over to my lap and grabbed my cock, which was rapidly getting harder than it had been in a while. I leaned over to kiss her, but she pushed me back, saying she didn't want to draw anyone's attention. No one was giving us a glance, but I let her have her way. Pretending we were just watching the movie was kind of hot.

"Open your pants, Glenn," Sharon whispered. "I want to

give you a handjob. Just for today, let's do everything but fuck, like we're teens trying to *not* get pregnant."

She got no argument from me. I pulled down my zipper and pushed my pants open so she could get her hand in my boxers. As soon as she had my dick in her hand, I reached for her pussy, but she surprised me by leaning forward in her seat. For a second I thought she wanted me to wait till she got me off, but she used her other hand to pull up her skirt in the back, silently telling me she wanted anal play. Excellent!

I slid my hand under Sharon's ass and got my middle finger nice and wet with her juices, then moved it back to her asshole. I traced circles around her backdoor a few times, then slid my finger in. She let out a gasp and the pace of her hand on my dick sped up, so I fingered her asshole faster.

Sharon let go of my dick and ran her hand along the outside of her soda, getting it wet with condensation, then she started stroking me with a steady and strong rhythm. I shifted my hand sideways so I could bang her cunt with my thumb, pushing deep into both holes and holding my hand still while she jerked me to climax.

Sharon lifted her hand to her mouth and licked up my come, looking as satisfied as a cat with a cup of cream. "I love that I can get you so hot that you shoot off that hard," she said, still

a movie on a Saturday morning, I had no idea she was as sick of it as I was.

Sharon convinced me to go to the first show of the day, at eleven in the morning—saying we could see the movie we wanted without dealing with little kids or teenagers—and afterward we were supposed to meet friends for lunch. Since we had plans for later, I wasn't surprised when she came downstairs in a blouse and skirt, but I was surprised when we got to the theater and she bought tickets for a movie that was definitely not being marketed to teens. Inside, the theater looked like a sparsely populated AARP meeting. There were four other couples in the theater when the lights went down, and we were the only people who looked to be younger than 65. We were also the only ones sitting farther back than the middle of the fairly large theater.

Any confusion I had about what we were doing there disappeared by the time the first trailer ended. Sharon took my hand and pushed it under her skirt, and I felt her bare thigh above

I shifted my hand so I could bang her cunt with my thumb, pushing deep into both holes as she jerked me to climax.

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facing the screen.

"Do you?" I asked. "Can you be as quiet as I was when you come?"

I tried to thrust in and out of her holes again, but my movement was hampered when she leaned back in her seat. "Just stay there," she whispered. "I got this."

She pulled up her skirt in the front, so now the whole thing was up around her waist, and I watched with fascination as she frigged her clit. She came quickly and quietly—for her, anyway—her pussy and ass contracting around my fingers.

She caught her breath after a few minutes and then said, "I hear girls these days take it up the ass instead of the pussy so they can't get pregnant. Meet me in the ladies' room." Then she fixed her skirt and walked out.

I zipped up my pants and followed her, of course. As soon as I got in the restroom, I grabbed her and kissed her, my tongue seeking out hers. She unzipped my pants again and pulled me into the handicap stall, pulling down my pants and boxers before pushing me onto the toilet. She bent over, holding the handrails, and took my dick in her mouth, getting me hard again in no time.

She pulled a tube of lube out of her purse, and my jaw hit the floor. I couldn't believe she'd fucking *planned* to have anal sex at the movies! She squirted a bunch of lube in my hand, telling me to get my cock ready, then turned her back to me, pulled her skirt up to her waist again, and shoved a lube-covered finger up her ass. I felt like I'd died and gone to heaven.

Sharon positioned herself over my lap, and I guided my dick into her asshole as she lowered herself slowly, moaning, "Oh, baby, you're so big. Make me take it, Glenn. Make me take every inch."

I knew what she wanted. As soon as she was fully impaled on my cock, I put one hand on her hip and the other on her shoulder. "Ride me, Sharon," I said, a little breathlessly. "Fuck my dick with your tight ass."

Sharon grabbed the handrails again and pumped her hips up and down, clenching her muscles to milk my cock each time she rose. She picked up the pace when I pulled down on her shoulder, taking every bit of my six inches with each stroke. I had never been so far up her ass before. After only a few minutes, I was coming again, shooting deep into her backdoor, and a minute later so was Sharon, leaning back against my chest



Sharon positioned herself over my lap, and I guided my dick into her asshole as she lowered herself slowly.

and frigging her clit again. After she stopped shaking, she pulled herself off me. My come was dripping out of her asshole, and I cleaned her up as well as I could.

Sharon pulled a pair of lacy black panties out of her purse and slid them on over her garter belt, winking and telling me that she'd take them off when we got to the car. "Sharon, you're not going to lunch without panties and with come dripping down your legs."

"We're not meeting anyone for lunch today. We're spending the afternoon at that no-tell motel we went to back when I lived with my parents."

At the motel, I found out what else Sharon had in her purse: a huge dildo and handcuffs. She had me cuff her to the headboard, fuck her pussy with the dildo, and fuck her ass again with the dildo still in her. Before we went home that night, I came on her tits, in *and* on her ass, and in her mouth. It was a good thing this was a break from baby-making, because by the time she was done with me, I didn't think I'd be able to get it up again for a week. Not that I'm complaining.—G.T., North Carolina

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